

1994

WARREN
MAGAZINE
FEB. 1982

PROVOCATIVE ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY

1994

\$2.00

WPS 38044

TM

No. TWENTY-THREE

THEY
TELEPORTED
THROUGH
DEEPEST
SPACE...

...AT
LEAST
PIECES
OF THEM
DID...

...IN THE
BLOOD
SPLATTERED
CLASSIC
"TELEPORT
2010!"



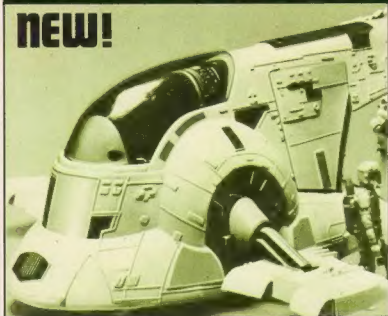
A2-120-8

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

INCREDIBLE MODELS & SETS FROM THE MOST EXCITING MOVIE EVER!

SLAVE 1: BOBA FETT'S SPACESHIP

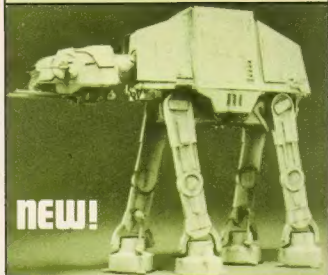
new!



SLAVE 1: An exciting replica of the evil Boba Fett's ship! Highly detailed ship has movable ramp into the cargo hold, adjustable seat for landing and flight positions, adjustable wings that lock for cruise control! The clicking, moving laser cannons will protect Slave 1 from any pursuit ships. The craft will hold at least three action figures beside Boba when the side panel is removed! A frozen Han Solo figurine is included! This is a functional toy that requires no batteries! Action figure not included. #26299—\$24.95

AT-AT WALKER

new!



ALL-TERRAIN ARMORED TRANSPORT: Highly detailed 8" tall replica of the deadly walkers! The legs and head control room are moveable! #24256—\$7.25

new!



THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

TURRET & PROBOT PLAY SET

TURRET AND PROBOT PLAYSET: Watch out Rebels! Probot is looking for you! You can relive the dramatic battle on the ice planet Hoth with this deluxe playset! You can eject the Probot with the action lever that you control! For added thrills, there's a realistic Rebel Laser Gun-Turret! Action figures fit inside through the opening side door and into the hatch on top. Turret laser cannon clicks as it turns! Intricately detailed and colorful plastic Probot and laser Turret are just what you need to kindle your imagination and authenticate the world of your Star Wars action figures! Durable plastic will last for years! Action figures sold separately! #26297—\$15.95

YODA ACTION PLAY SET

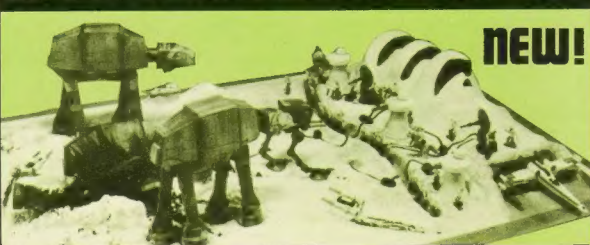
new!



ENCOUNTER WITH YODA ON DAGOBAH: Beautifully molded and authentically detailed, Yoda's bog home is 10" in diameter, with lift away roof & figures of Yoda teaching the force to Luke Skywalker! #24258—\$9.95

IMPERIAL ATTACK ON REBEL BASE ACTION SET

new!



BATTLE ON ICE PLANET HOTH: Darth Vader's Imperial troops attack the rebel stronghold in this 12"x18" action scene! Included are terrain base, three snap together attack walkers, an x-wing fighter, a scout walker, three snow speeders and almost fifty figures! #24257—\$9.95

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.



1994

NUMBER 23

JAMES WARREN
Publisher

W.B. DuBAY
Editor

TIMOTHY MORIARTY
Managing Editor

**THE CARTOON
FACTORY**
Art Production

RAY GALLARDO
Advertising Production

MICHAEL SCHNEIDER
Circulation Director

Cover
ALEX NINO

Writers
GERRY BOUDREAU
KEVIN DUANE
BILL DuBAY
BUDD LEWIS

Artist
ALEX NINO

1994 MAGAZINE IS PUBLISHED SIX TIMES A YEAR, IN FEBRUARY, APRIL, JUNE, AUGUST, OCTOBER AND DECEMBER BY WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY, EDITORIAL SUBSCRIPTION AND BUSINESS OFFICES AT 145 EAST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016, TELEPHONE (212) 683-5050. SUBSCRIPTIONS: SIX ISSUES FOR \$10.00 IN THE U.S.A., CANADA AND ELSEWHERE: \$14.00. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1979, 1981 BY WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY, WHICH COMPANY IS SOLELY RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS CONCEPTION AND CONTENT. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD UNDER THE UNIVERSAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTIONS, THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTION AND THE PAN AMERICAN CONVENTION. NOTHING MAY BE REPRODUCED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. SORRY, NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ACCEPTED FOR UNBOLICULATED MATERIAL. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A. SUBSCRIBERS: PLEASE ALLOW EIGHT WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF FIRST ISSUE. 1994 MAGAZINE IS THE PROPERTY OF WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY, WHICH COMPANY IS SOLELY RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS CONCEPTION AND CONTENT. USPS 501-990



BREAK EVEN!

5

The fluke hung out there in space like one of God's whims gone wrong! It was not possible! Kelly's mind spun with the possibilities: Neutron Star fragment? Mini Black Hole? An artifact left by an alien race? But all this speculating was getting them nowhere...there was only one course open to them and that was to gather their equipment, land on the surface, and investigate! Kelly could already smell his life insurance policy burning to ash!



PAINTER'S MOUNTAIN 24

On a limp dishrag of a planet in a forgotten quadrant of the galaxy, the man called Painter was struck with a revelation: he and he alone could save his race from the forces of perdition! It had always disgusted him that men pursued women for their bodily orifices and food for the pleasure of consumption! But now a voice whispered to him of more important things, and if he had to kill each and every man to make them listen...then so be it!



TELEPORT 2010

42

Julie's charred, smoldering remains oozed like charcoal-broiled pus across the cabin floor of Flight 222! Until that moment, teleportation was the safest way to travel since the bicycle...just scramble the passenger's atoms, aim them at their destination, and shoot them safe and sound! But no one counted on a homicidal hijacker forcing his way into the control center! Suddenly, the sleek teleportation center was a blood-splattered war zone!



ZINCOR

58

Zincor had never seen a woman before...not bad! Not bad at all! This species had curves in places where his hairy brethren had no places at all! But Zincor had to remind himself that men had been at war with these Fempire females for a millennia...and that females would just as soon eat a man as look at him! But, as he wrestled the woman to the ground and her breasts fell free of her blouse, he felt a deep urge...and not the urge to kill!

CONCERNING OUR MAIL ORDER ADVERTISEMENTS: Warren Publishing guarantees our merchandise will be replaced if not received in satisfactory condition. Should you need to write us concerning an order, whether it be from our address or a Post Office address, send your letter to: E.C. Ives, Customer Service Dept., Warren Publishing Co., 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

incoming telemetry



A DRONE THAT LOOKS LIKE A DONG, BOB!

The installment of "Ghita" in 1994 #21 was one of the very best in the series. Though it was devoid of raging battles and pulse-pounding chases, it was full of intrigue, mysticism, scorching sensuality, bloodshed, one hairbreadth escape, and one heartbreaking death.

Frank Thorne's "Ghita" is the most consistently entertaining series I've seen by any artist in any magazine of the fantastic. Even the High Llama of comic artists, Richard Corben, can fall flat occasionally or reach too far with his "Neverwhere" and "Den" epics, but Thorne is always on target, always full of surprises, and always hotter than Texas in July! May "Ghita" run forever, and never grow old!

L.B. TULLEY
San Antonio, Texas

A dong drone? What the hell is a dong drone? Who would design a robot to look like a dong? I hereby charge the illustrator and writer of "Diana Jacklighter" with science mangling, warped imaginations, and sick senses of humor.

Outside of the dong drone, "Diana" continues to be one of the best new series in any Warren magazine. It's got action, character, wit, and a hell of a slick premise. Author Alabaster Redzone drives the action forward but never misses an opportunity for a joke, good or bad. Illustrator Esteban Maroto has taken a welcome change from his obsession with myth and medievalism to hurlle us all into space, and the change suits him.

But cool it with the dong drones. I shudder to think what may be coming next to top it.

BOB BYRDE
Green Bay, Wisc.

Frank Thorne topped himself with the chapter of "Ghita" in 1994 #21. The encounter between Ghita and the one called Silent Flower, though it ended tragically, was hot enough to send me scurrying for some privacy, if you catch my drift.

Reading the anti-erotic "Love is a Many Tentacled Thing" in the same issue, however, made me fear my manhood might never rise again. Sorry, I do not find it exciting to see a woman making it with a space slug. And where else but in 1994 would I find such odious reading material?

R.S.
South Bend, Ind.

"Lord Machina" in 1994 #21 was a priceless satire, as well it should have been, because 1994, and all Warren magazines, are pretty damned pricey at two bucks a shot!

The author of this story, and I'll assume it was Will Richardson since no credit was given, managed to skewer a number of targets in this one story. He zeroed in on corporate greed, political ambition, gambling sickness and more. But the main thrust of the story was to ridicule the current mania for electronic games. Illustrator Alex Nino (again no credit was given but there is no mistaking that man's artwork) captured the spirit perfectly: his hero was reduced to a babbling, frothing-at-the-mouth, drooling fool as his obsession with the game overtook him. How often have I seen a similar glaze in the eye of games-playing schoolboys?

There is nothing wrong with the youth (and adults) of today spending hours and millions playing game after game after game. The games are harmless, relative to the other distractions our culture provides (pornography, drugs). But an obsession with anything, no matter how harmless that thing may be, is an obsession still, and therefore restrictive, and therefore certainly open to ridicule. Nino and Richardson did a job!

CINDY SOLAINE
Hollywood, Calif.

1994 DRIVES AGAIN!

There was a time when the unclad women and ribald situations that fairly burst from the pages of 1994 did not excite me. It is, after all, only a comic book. The characters are two dimensional in more ways than one, mere ink and paper. I preferred to get my kicks out of the ripe babes in Playboy and magazines of the ilk.

Then I realized, with the clarity of a wet dream and the suddenness of a lightning bolt, that the women in the centerfolds are no more real than the ones composed of pen and ink. They are so heavily airbrushed and retouched that they are beyond the realm of reality. At least the women in 1994's pages spring directly from the id of a creative person, thus giving them a life of their own.

These are bizarre conclusions, admittedly, but it was 1994 that drove me to them!

THEO RAINES
Los Angeles, Calif.

'MARS BAR' RUBS YOUR NOSE IN IT!

Reading "Mars Bar - Tales of the Red Planet Saloon" in 1994 #21 was like having my face rubbed in shit! The artwork by the Redondo Studios (it took a whole studio to do that?) and the story by Alabaster Redzone was so unpleasant and ugly that I never finished it.

The story seemed calculated to offend. The martians were as ugly as sin, and their behavior was motivated solely by greed and lust. Glancing at the end, I saw that there was dismemberment.

I guess I was asking for it; buying 1994, one should know what one is getting. But normally, there is a reason for the offensive material in the magazine. There is a certain enlightenment and exhilaration in the satires and the constant clambering to reach further into bad taste. But this "Mars Bar" monstrosity was pointless and offensive to me, a person about as easily offended as a sack of drill bits. Congratulations!

GARDNER PALANTINE
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Alex Nino has been highly regarded overseas for years for his fantastic illustrations, but I don't see how he could have ever been in better form than with his phantasmagoria called "Lord Machina!"

Nino has a tendency to obscure his work to the point of madness (and beyond) but in "Machina" the action was very clear and yet still retained the sense of madness. Additionally, Nino paced himself, building up to the insanity and confusion of the end gradually. I have never seen Nino work with such discipline.

On the other end of the issue, "Freefall" was one of Nino's more routine efforts. Here, the concentration is on huge, complex spaceships and obscure figures in enigmatic action. I am not fond of this particular aspect of Nino's work, though he produces it frequently. Witness, for example, the "Searchchucker Spade" series, which is certainly of the worst that 1994 has had to offer. "Searchchucker" is rendered in that style, and it rolls over and dies every time. Still... Nino survives!

Nino has been appearing more frequently in the pages of 1994. Is he soon to take over the whole operation? Wouldn't be a bad idea.

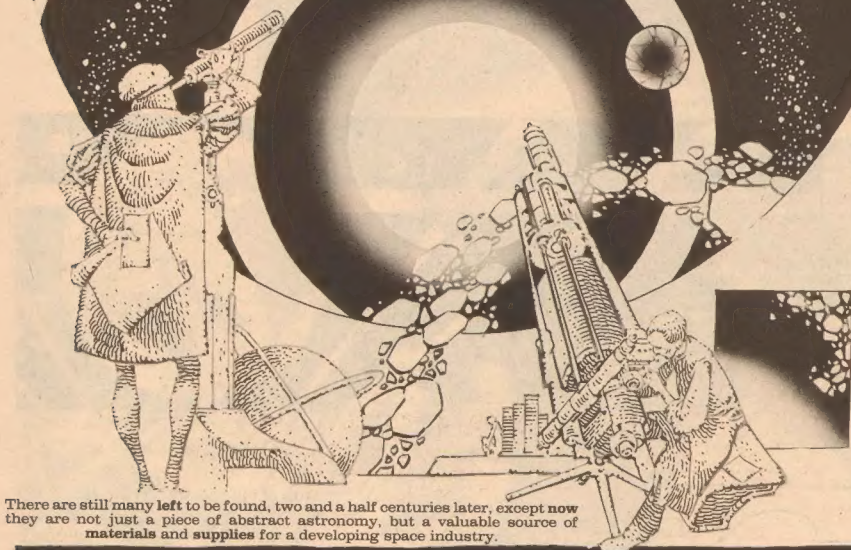
JACK SORENSON
Gary, Indiana

BREAK EVEN

Between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, there ought to be a planet. Basic astronomy had that figured out centuries ago, and they had the math to prove it.

But since when does nature listen to mathematicians?

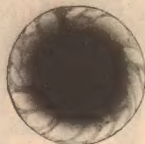
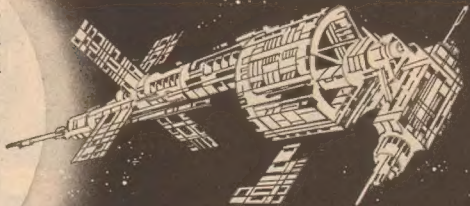
Instead, on the first day of the nineteenth century, they began to find the largest of several billion lumps of rock, stone, and ice now known as the asteroids. Within a decade, they found four more.



There are still many left to be found, two and a half centuries later, except now they are not just a piece of abstract astronomy, but a valuable source of materials and supplies for a developing space industry.

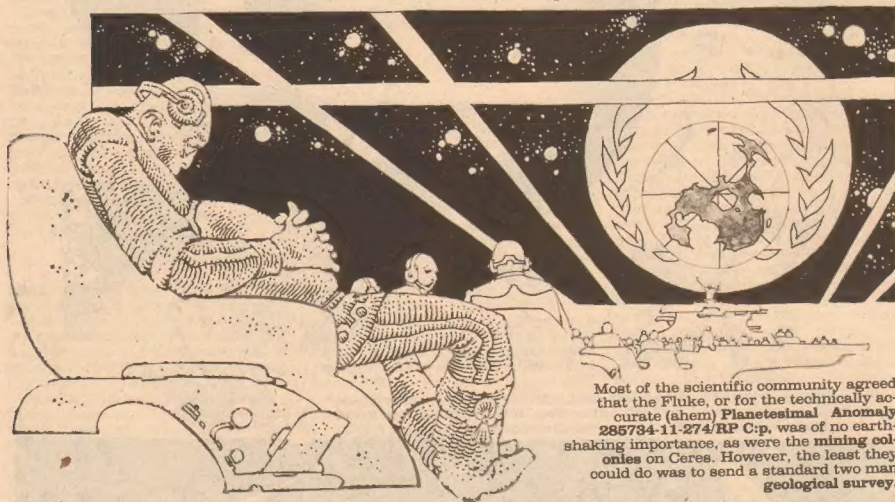
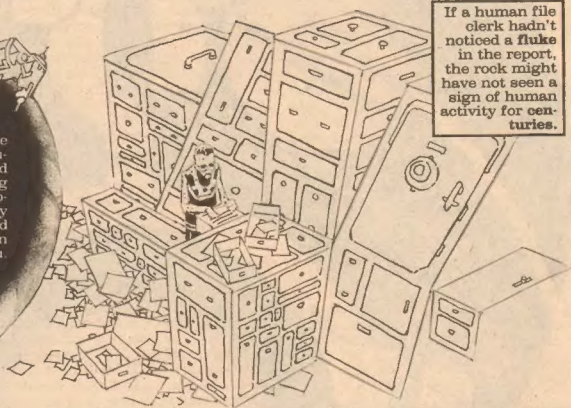


Most of the new discoveries are made by the wandering robot probes, which skip through the belt, charting the orbits for the Navigation Bureau, and scanning the bodies for valuable deposits of radioactives, metal ores, and water ice.



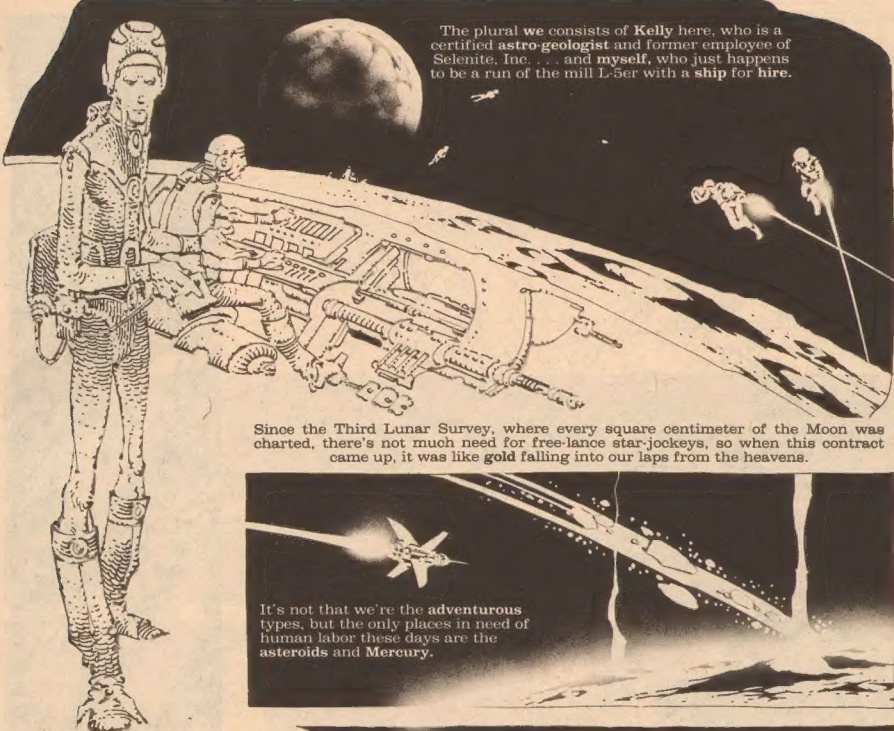
One particular probe came across one particular rock one day, and since it contained nothing to suit its preprogrammed tastes, merely reported its location and orbit to the Navigation Bureau.

If a human file clerk hadn't noticed a fluke in the report, the rock might have not seen a sign of human activity for centuries.




Most of the scientific community agreed that the Fluke, or for the technically accurate (ahem) **Planetesimal Anomaly 285734-11-274/RP C.p.** was of no earth-shaking importance, as were the mining colonies on Ceres. However, the least they could do was to send a standard two man geological survey.

That's where we come in.




The plural **we** consists of **Kelly** here, who is a certified **astro-geologist** and former employee of **Selenite, Inc.** ... and **myself**, who just happens to be a run of the mill **L-5er** with a **ship** for hire.

Since the Third Lunar Survey, where every square centimeter of the Moon was charted, there's not much need for free-lance star-jockeys, so when this contract came up, it was like **gold** falling into our laps from the heavens.




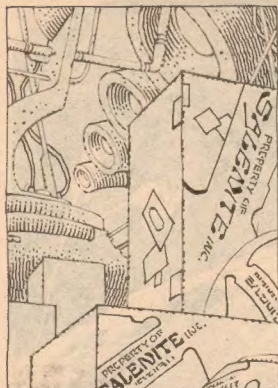
It's not that we're the **adventurous** types, but the only places in need of human labor these days are the **asteroids** and **Mercury**.



I don't **tan** well. We took the contract.

It took us **two weeks** to get to the Belt proper, and by then we were used to sharing the tiny lifepod with all the scanners, recorders, and what-not.





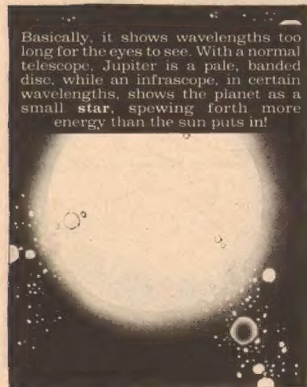
Kelly sometimes questions my morals, not always approving of my practice of "creative supply requisitioning."

But then again, how else could we underbid everyone for this contract? Besides, the guys on Luna will never miss the stuff.

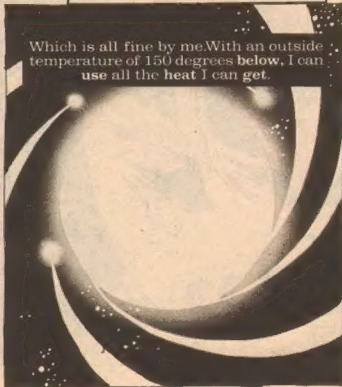


In the meantime, I've kept myself busy by programming the drones to run the laser core sample drill, while I toy with the gear. One of my favorite pastimes is playing with the **infra-scope**.

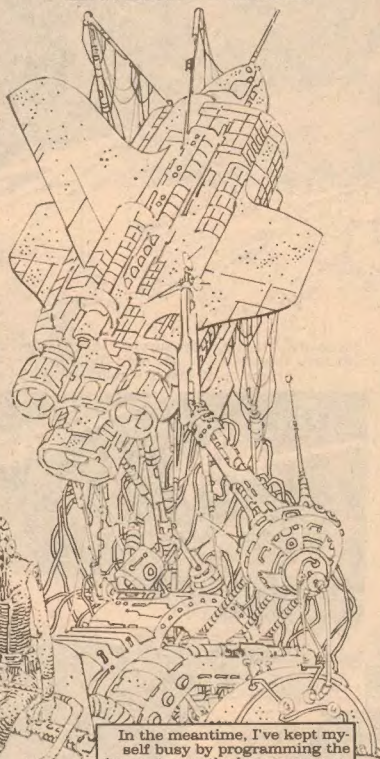
Basically, it shows wavelengths too long for the eyes to see. With a normal telescope, Jupiter is a pale, banded disc, while an infrascop, in certain wavelengths, shows the planet as a small **star**, spewing forth more energy than the sun puts in!



Which is all fine by me. With an outside temperature of 150 degrees below, I can use all the heat I can get.



We did request two drones, though, and they were already at work on simple preventive maintenance like tightening screws and recharging a magnet or two. Simple, yes, but **necessary** to insure that we don't have to **walk home**.



On most of our trips, Kelly had been quiet. He's one of those people who never says much to begin with, unless you were talking shop.

But this trip Kelly was too quiet. Further, he seemed much more nervous than usual. First, he'd stare through the 'scope, then fiddle with his pocketbrain. Kelly was interested in something and that got me nervous.

And if your conversation didn't include stones, you'd swear you were talking to one. He's not really such a bad guy, just awfully quiet.

Deep space is supposed to be dull, but most of the interesting things are exciting.

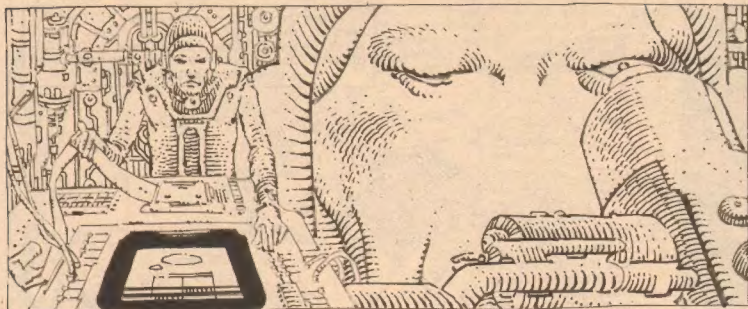
And most of the exciting things can easily get you killed.

What's so fascinating, Kelly?

It... it's too small.

There was something in Kelly's voice I'd never heard before, a perplexed, whining tone. But after he drifted to the computer terminal he did something that had me literally in shock! He repeated himself.

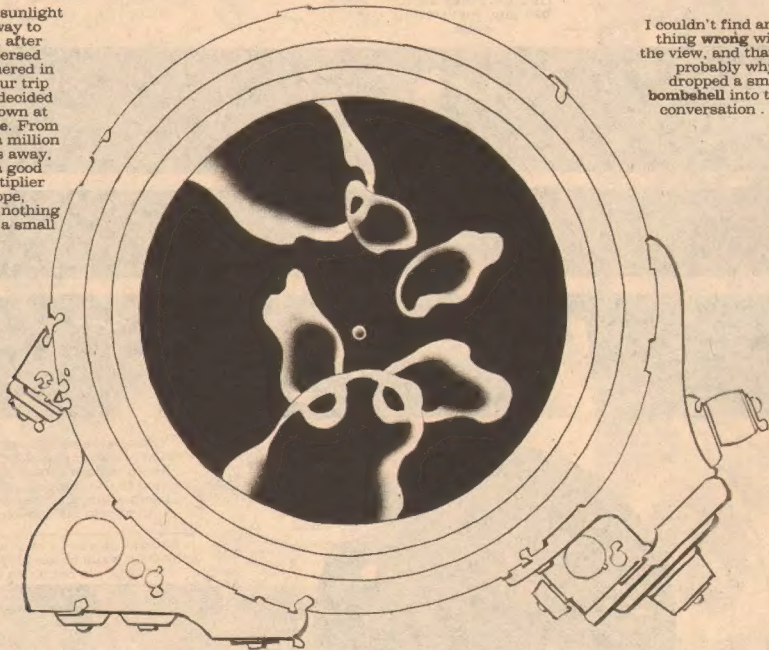
Several times... as if to convince the four walls of the ship of the validity of his nebulous argument!



When he finally stopped, he stood still for a moment, then began to peek away at his pocketbrain like a starved vulture. As soon as I was sure he wasn't going to try anything else, like opening the airlock, for a breath of fresh vacuum, I made my way to the 'scope, to catch my first glimpse of the Fluke he was babbling about.

Whatever sunlight made its way to the Fluke, after being dispersed and smothered in its half hour trip from Sol, decided to settle down at the surface. From only half a million kilometers away, and with a good photo-multiplier on the 'scope, there was nothing to see but a small grey ball.

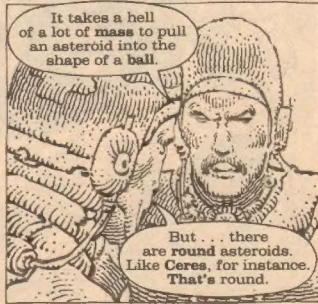
I couldn't find anything wrong with the view, and that's probably why I dropped a small bombshell into the conversation . . . !



Well, it's round.

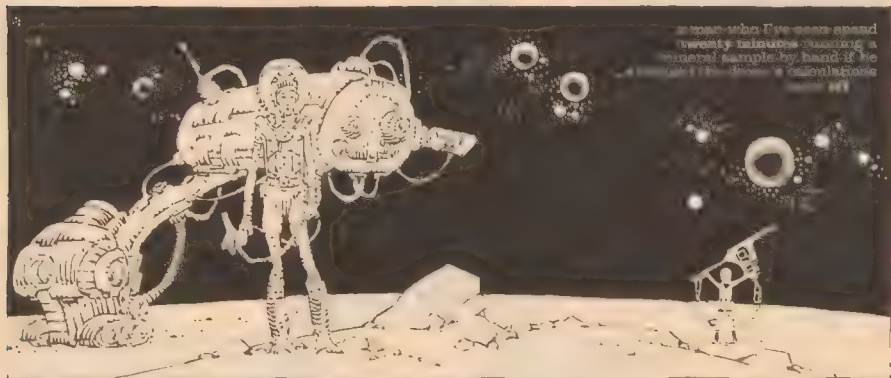
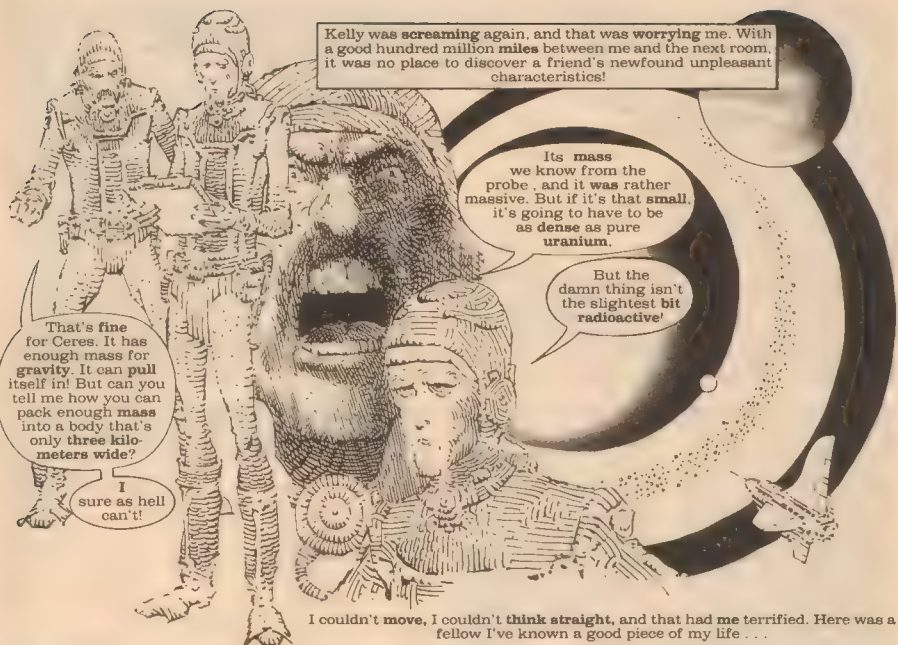
That's just it!

Kelly screamed. It was the scream of a madman!



It takes a hell of a lot of mass to pull an asteroid into the shape of a ball.

But . . . there are round asteroids. Like Ceres, for instance. That's round.



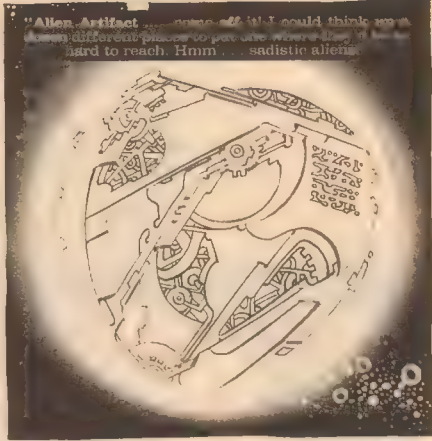
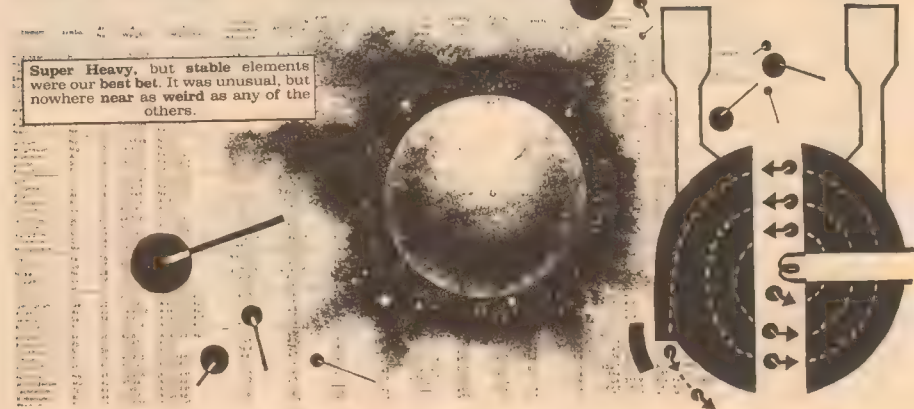
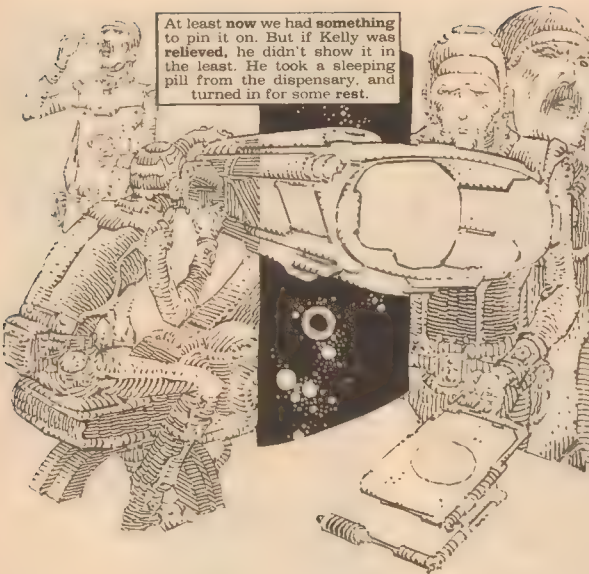


TABLE OF ELEMENTS






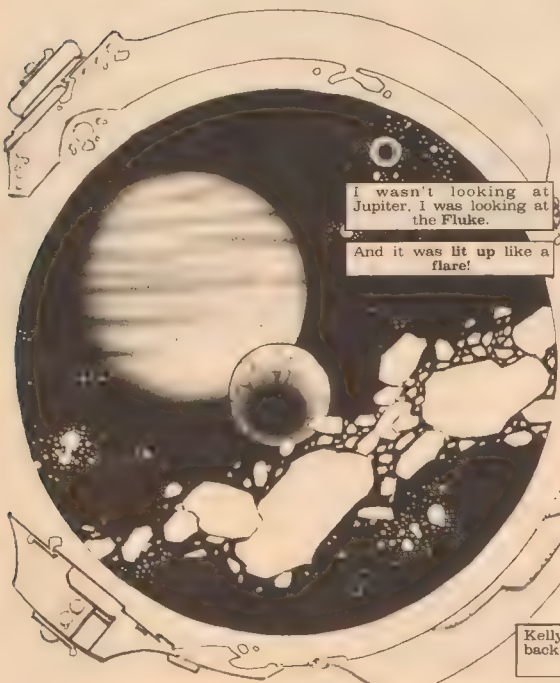
At least now we had something to pin it on. But if Kelly was relieved, he didn't show it in the least. He took a sleeping pill from the dispensary, and turned in for some rest.

I didn't have the heart or the nerve to tell him what I saw later that night...

Absent minded, I took a reading off one of the telescopes, and set up the infrascopes for a peek at Jupiter.



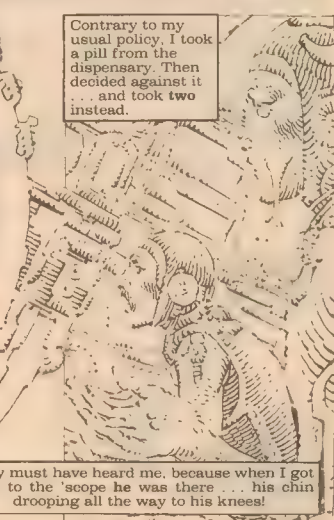
Somehow, I managed not to scream!



I wasn't looking at Jupiter. I was looking at the Fluke.

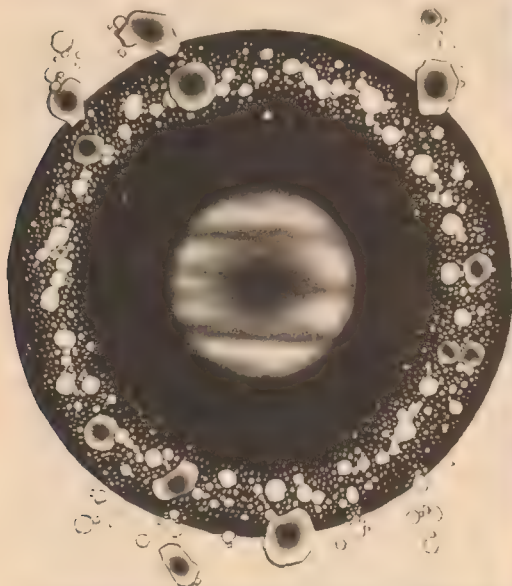
And it was lit up like a flare!

Contrary to my usual policy, I took a pill from the dispensary. Then decided against it... and took two instead.

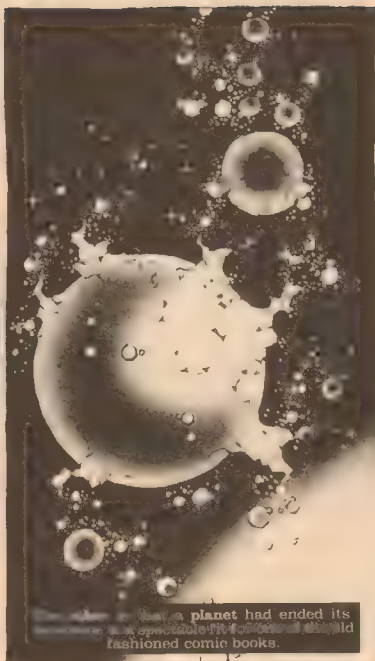


Kelly must have heard me, because when I got back to the 'scope he was there... his chin drooping all the way to his knees!

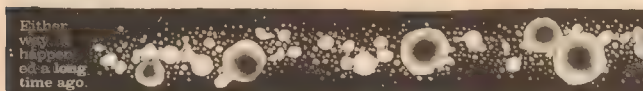
There are two major theories on how the asteroids formed . . . !



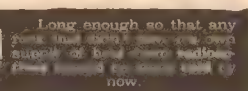
One is that the tiny fragments could never settle into a single large body due to the gravitational effects of Jupiter . . .!




... planet had ended its
spectacular fit for the old
fashioned comic books.



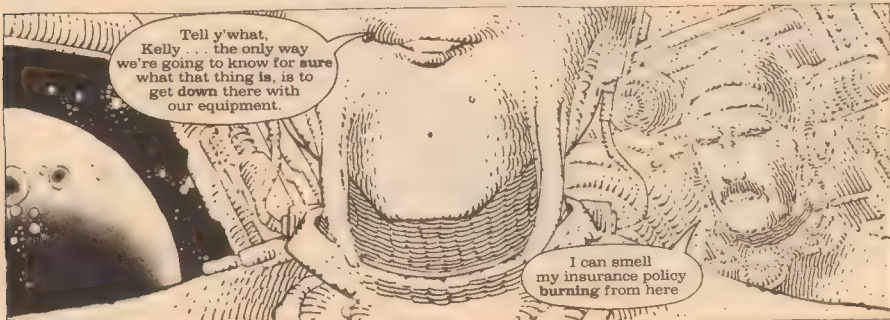
Either way, it happened a long time ago.



Long enough so that any

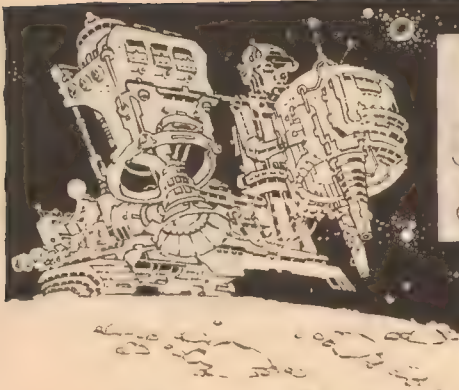


So why was this tiny rock
 made to look like me? Is he
 really God's gift to me?
 I don't know. I don't know.
 Well, he's a little like me, but
 a little more like a
 matter of fact, he's
 I was sure that the
 not that weird.

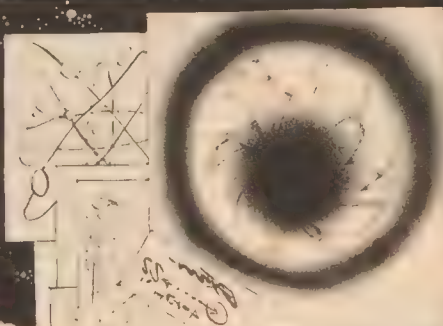


Tell y'what,
Kelly . . . the only way
we're going to know for sure
what that thing is, is to
get down there with
our equipment.

I can smell
my insurance policy
burning from here



It took surprisingly little fuel and an awful lot of courage to set the ship down on the surface, but at least I had the whole lump mapped before landing. As we were taking our map survey, we added a few more oddities to our growing list of tourist attractions. . . .



To start, it wasn't a perfect ball. There were minor bulges here and there. It rotated a bit too rapidly for rocks its size. But when we charted the craters and scars, and assorted cosmic acne, we found a real oddity for the Fluke.

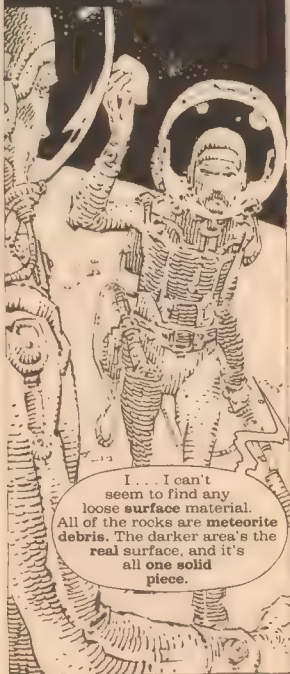
Not one crater, blemish, or whatever, went into the surface more than two feet.

The first thing I did was to have Kelly drop the two crates on the other side of the planetoid with the laser drill. Operating a drill usually requires one human for supervision. But Kelly and I had better things to do with our time. Besides, I did pre-program them and by about a row in doing the damn thing blew out. I didn't want to see any more of that.

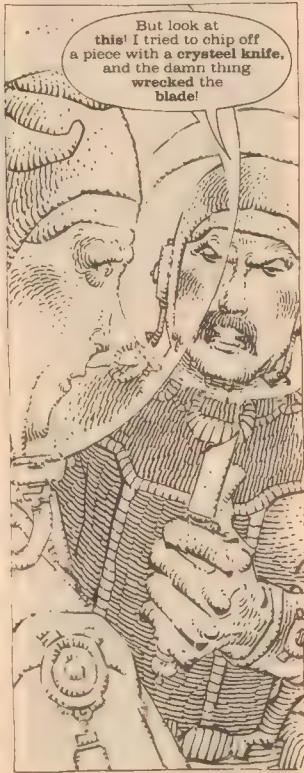


I'd get around to filling out a violation of procedure form later.

Upon returning, Kelly wouldn't leave right at the ship, and had only stopped on the way back to pick up a few loose samples. In the process, he had another Fluke.



I . . . I can't seem to find any loose surface material. All of the rocks are meteorite debris. The darker area's the real surface, and it's all one solid piece.



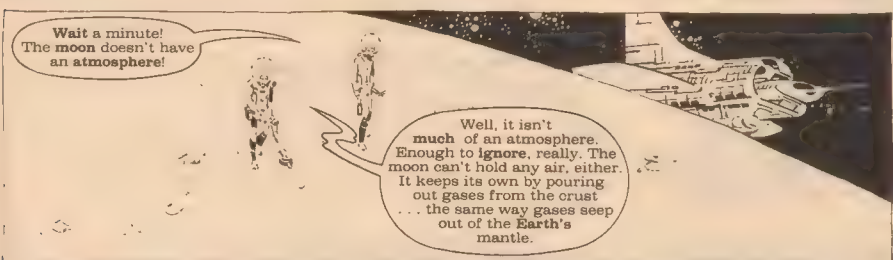
But look at this! I tried to chip off a piece with a crystal knife, and the damn thing wrecked the blade!



This
should do
it!


If there's
an atmosphere here,
we'll know about it
soon enough!

Hmmm! It's
not a very strong
atmosphere, a bit less
than the Moon's



Wait a minute!
The moon doesn't have
an atmosphere!

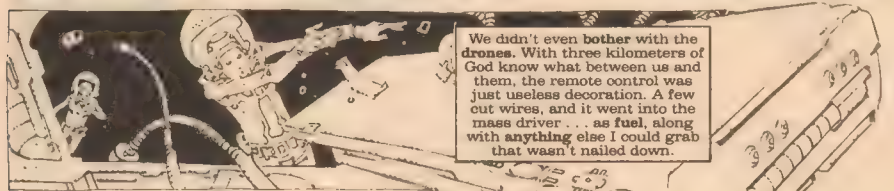
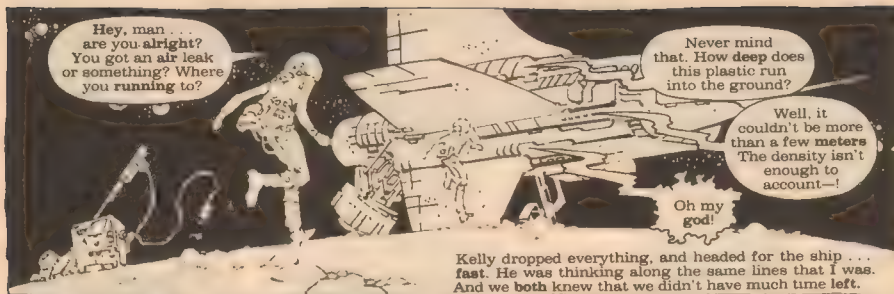
Well, it isn't
much of an atmosphere.
Enough to ignore, really. The
moon can't hold any air, either.
It keeps its own by pouring
out gases from the crust
... the same way gases seep
out of the Earth's
mantle.

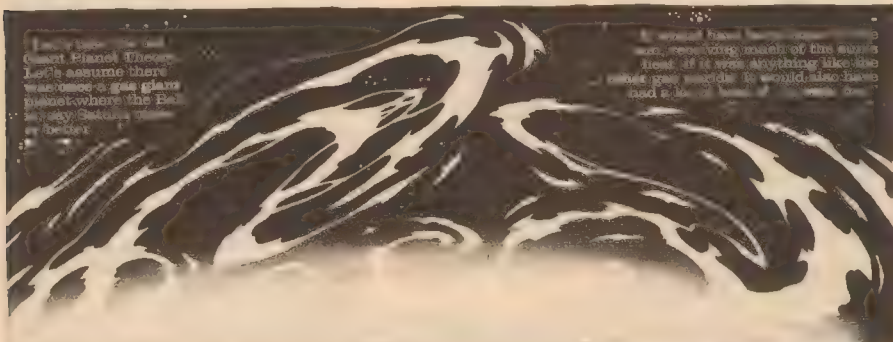
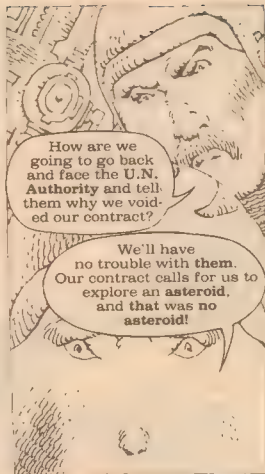
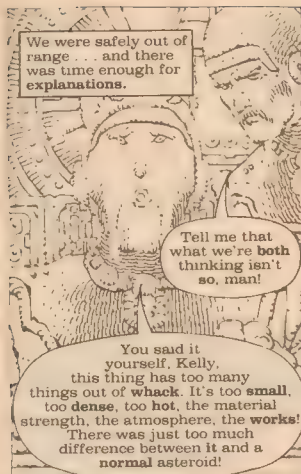


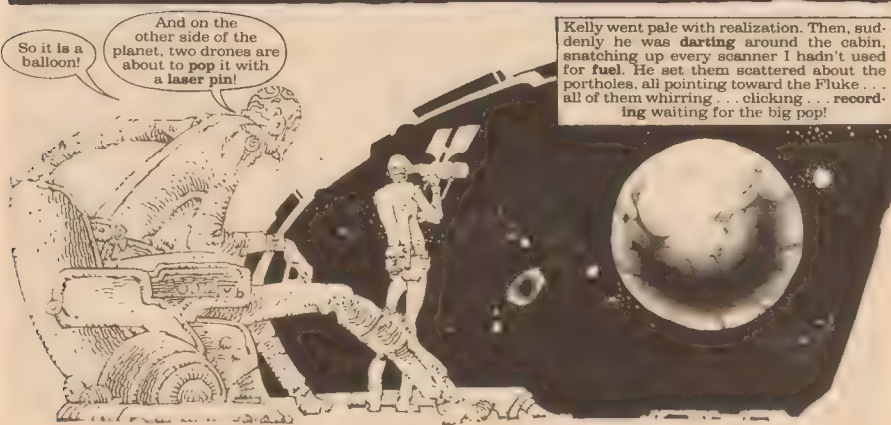
I'll never know how it clicked
in my mind, but when Kelly
said the word **balloon**, his
head turned to show me a ris-
ing Jupiter atop his helmet.
The two things hit my mind,
at once, and—!

Kelly ... how
fast could a laser
cut through this
plastic crud?

What? Oh,
I'd say maybe a
couple of centimeters
a minute, give or
take a few—?





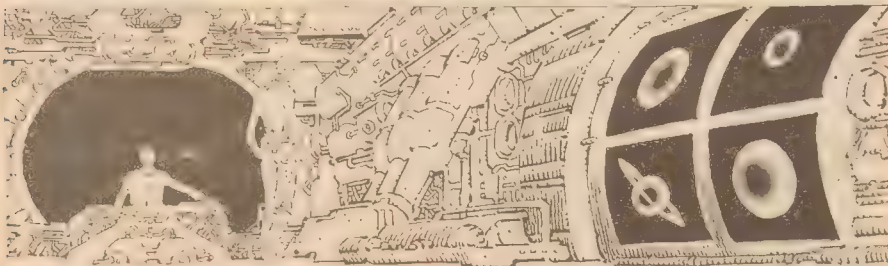




To say it was impressive would be a lie. If all the hazy, multicolored nebulae were allowed to escape into the night through a pinhole as a tiny ball grows white hot and explodes like a hell-fire incarnate, it would be describing only a tiny part of the experience.

When the shock wave hit us, we could hear, from ten thousand miles away, through the super-thin air outside, the shriek of a dying planet.

Kelly didn't move for nearly an hour after the explosion. I'm sure, though, that he was one of the happiest humans in creation. On his scanners, and in our minds, was a view of a place where even the finest achievements of Man cannot penetrate the core of a mammoth world.



Kelly keeps a few pictures of the gas giants by his bunk, nowadays. And whenever he passes them, you know what he's thinking, even if he doesn't say it.

one down
four to go.

COLOR POSTERS!

LET YOUR
IMAGINATION SOAR
WITH THESE
STRIKING, FULL
COLOR FANTASY
POSTERS!



GIRL WITH WHITE BEAST by THE BROTHERS HILDEBRANDT! You've admired the fantastic work of the Brothers Hildebrandt for years...they've taken you into Tolkien's world as no artists ever have! Now is your chance to own and mount this exciting, large-size, full color, 62 by 93 inch poster by the Brothers Hildebrandt in your very own home! **GIRL WITH WHITE BEAST** is a strangely beautiful rendering of a lovely blond in a field of flowers menaced(?) by a lumbering creature! #29052-\$3.50



THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE by CARLOS NORTE! This stunning, full-color, large size 62 by 93 inch poster will leave you breathless, as the four bringers of doom smite the world from the sky! #29050-\$3.50



SHE OF THE SWORD by THE BROTHERS HILDEBRANDT! This large size, full color, 62 by 93 inch poster will kick your imagination into high gear! The Brothers Hildebrandt are fast gaining the reputation as the premiere artists of the fantastic in the entire world, and this startling, boldly colorful poster will show you why! A beautiful yet formidable woman stands triumphant over the grotesque beast she has slain with her bloodied blade while in the distance a fantastic landscape glitters! #29051-\$3.50

FLASH GORDON IS OUT OF THIS WORLD!



THE PLANET MONGO Flash Gordon swashbuckles across outer-space in Alex Raymond's original full color strip reprinted here in a 9"x12" hardcover format. Relive the heroic adventures of America's original astronaut. Contents include "World in Danger," "Triumph of Zarkov," "Kingdom of the Falcon Men," "Conquest of the Kingdom," and "World of the Caverns"! #21175/\$14.95



INTO THE WATER WORLD OF MONGO In volume 2 Flash is transformed into one of Mongo's fishmen in an effort to save his life! Contents include "The Worlds of the Caverns" and "The Underwater World". Read Flash's exciting adventures as drawn by the hand of master illustrator Alex Raymond. Hardcover 9"x12" format on high quality stock in full color! #21176/\$14.95

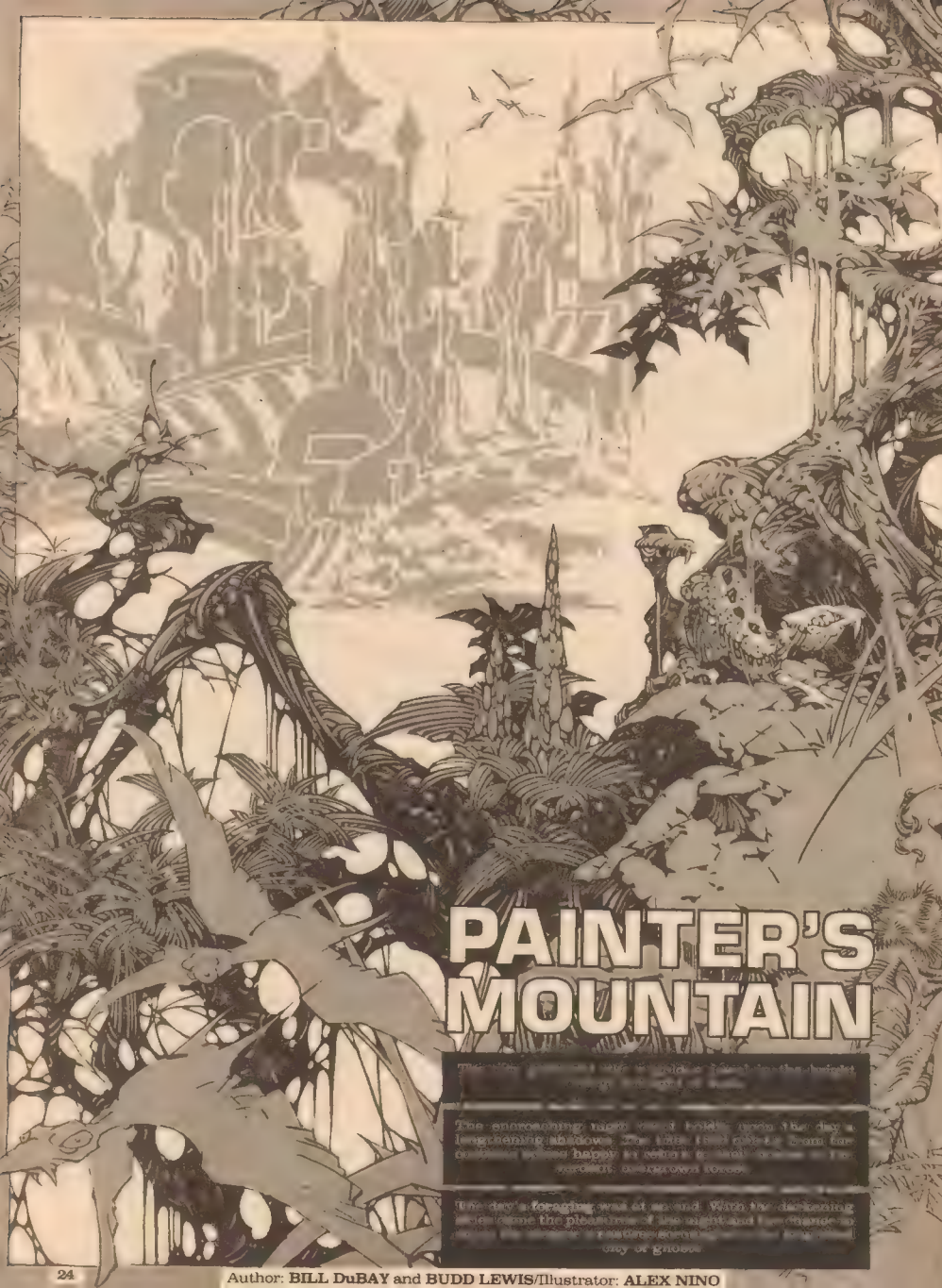
FULL COLOR ANIMATED CELL ART



1994 CELL ART! Original Rudy Nebres designs of Diana Jacklighter, Ghita, Angel, and Spearchucker Spade. Each 11"x14" cell is a collector's item individually hand-painted by Warren artist! The attractive cells come with a brilliant matte. Specify whether you want your cell to be painted emitting Day Glo or vivid Warren colors. Order today: Day Glo #26056 - \$21.95 or Warren colors #2605 - \$19.95.



VAMPIRELLA CELL ART! Your favorite Warren characters: Vampirella, The Fox, Cassandra, and Pantha. Each cell is designed by Rudy Nebres and painted by a Warren staff artist in Day Glo or vibrant Warren colors! Cells are 11"x14" in size and come mounted with a matte. Order today, your valuable collector's item. Specify either Day Glo #26054 - \$21.95 or Warren colors #26053 \$19.95.



PAINTER'S MOUNTAIN

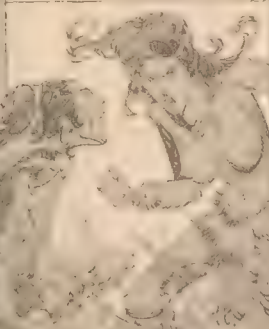
...the night was a time of quiet, a time of peace, a time of rest.

The enchanting night was a time of peace, a time of rest, a time of quiet. The night was a time of peace, a time of rest, a time of quiet.

The day's work was at an end. With the darkness came the pleasures of the night and the chance of a good night's sleep. The night was a time of peace, a time of rest, a time of quiet.



With the night came the inevitable disputes . . .



... and the continuance of life's endless problems.

Painter! What is the matter? Why are you going?

You can be next if you'd like

The others
can fight for
your favors.
Davina.

I'm not
interested in
sharing your love
with barbarians

Ha ha!
Let the fairy-boy
go! It'll mean more
pussy for the rest
of us!

Painter was a loner, among a tribe of forest-dwelling loners. He, unlike his people, was distressingly aware of the depths to which the human race had plummeted of the promise which it had been denied.

Look at
at them! Wasting
their energies.

And for what?
A fleeting moment
of pleasure!

Shit!
It means
nothing!

And pussy
is life, is it
not, Ygor?

Pussy is everything!

The others simply did not seem to understand that they had, for some monstrously simple reason, succumbed completely.

But the brain refused to be educated by the book. It had turned to the other side of the page.

perhaps Paris, is a throwback to more civilized times when the cities and mankind had a purpose when man used his brain instead of his brute strength to accomplish his long-forgotten but more important goals.

Dammit all!
They make me sick!
They don't care about
the cities. They don't
care about their own
well-being.

They don't
give a **shit** for
anything but the
smell of a **bitch**
in heat!

Assholes!

How can you be
so goddman blind?

You're wasting your
lives! For nothing!

Because of
savages like you,
we'll be living in
treetops forever!

Painter's outburst was as savage as base as hole of his despised brothers. It was scumlike vomit, he knew. And yet even as he wheeled the red gore booze from the belly of being he had no pity, none. His heart as hard as steel, some thing of pain.

1950年10月1日

P. Painter—!
W. Why—!

WHY??

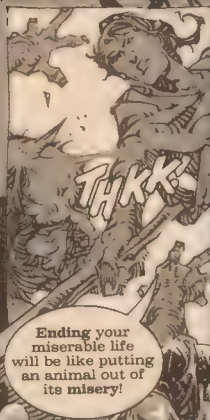
Why, Boris?
Because you are
an animal and
deserve no
better!

You would serve
better gutted and
thrust upon a spi-
to fill the empty
bellies of your
children!



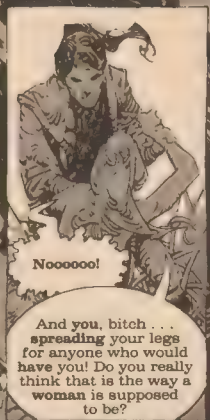
You are not fit to call yourself a man!

You fairy tucker! Put that club down and I'll show you who's a man!



THKK

Ending your miserable life will be like putting an animal out of its misery!



Noooooo!

And you, bitch... spreading your legs for anyone who would have you! Do you really think that is the way a woman is supposed to be?



Is it better to spill blood needlessly, Painter? Is that what makes you better than the rest of us? Because you know how to kill!?



What's going on here? Painter! What have you done to your brothers?

He has slain them, grandfather! The Painter has gone mad!

Painter... no! It is right for the strong to fight... for the strong to take from the weak, so that they may survive...!

But it is against the law of nature to kill!

You... you know know the consequences, my son.

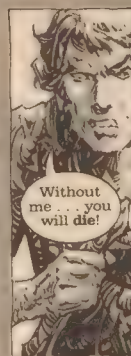
Nooooooo! You need me!

As you say, grandfather, the strong must survive!

I am the strongest! I alone can lead you out of your meaningless existence!



Without me, you will remain apes!



Without me... you will die!



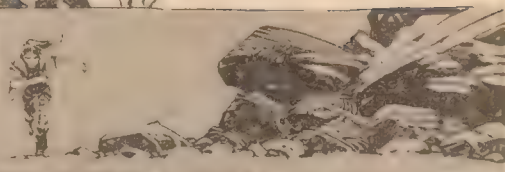
Don't you understand? I can save you!

You need me!

He is mad!

The rabid dog must be destroyed!

Painter ran . . . with his tribesmen in feverish pursuit. They wanted to end his suffering, quell his sickness, before it was passed to others, equally susceptible to the strange malady of madness!



But Painter knew he was not ill. Like many long ago, he was convinced that he alone was enlightened.



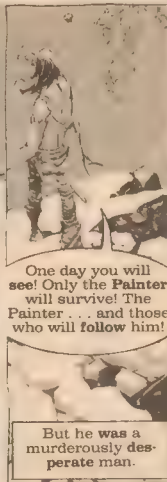
... that in him alone lay the hope of the future!



And in his corner, he was certain that any means necessary to reach his end, would be justified to ensure his survival.

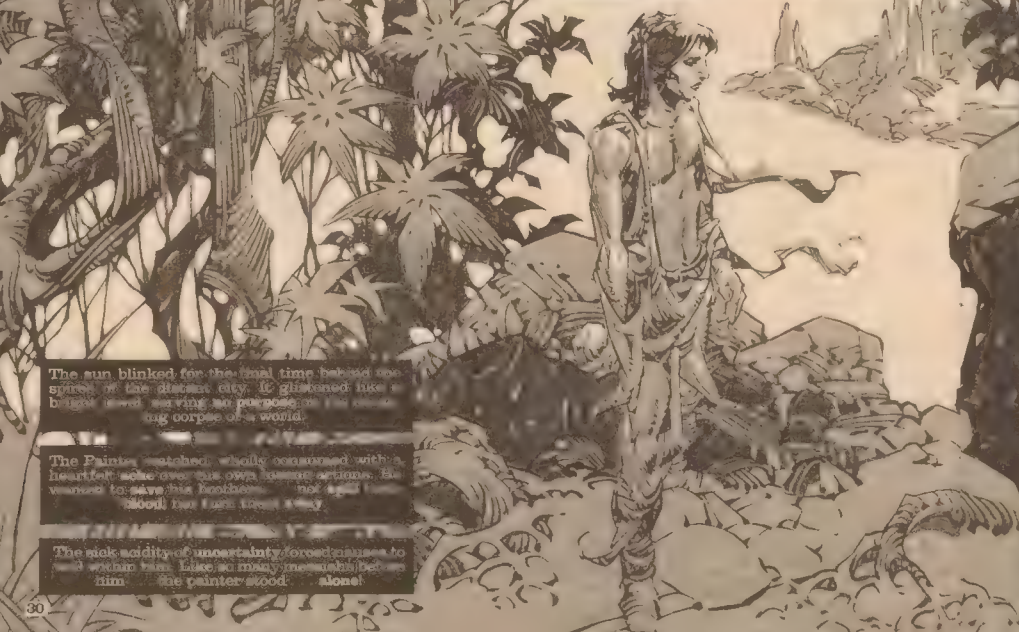


Ignorant heathens!



One day you will see! Only the Painter will survive! The Painter . . . and those who will follow him!

But he was a murderously desperate man.



The sun blinked for the final time behind the spires of the distant city. It glinted like a bright sword, leaving no purpose in the dark, big corpse of a world.

The Painter watched, wholly consumed with a heartful ache over his own actions. He wanted to save his brother, but he had no idea how to do it.

The sick acidity of uncertainty forced change to his vision. Like so many men, he had no choice. The painter stood alone!



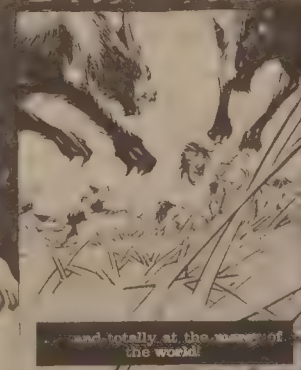
The weeks passed slowly for the outcast as he eked forth a meagre survival on the summit of a nearby mountain. Painter stayed away from his family, allowing time to heal the wounds he had caused them.

Then one day, the scent of something familiar wafted upon the gentle winds . . .

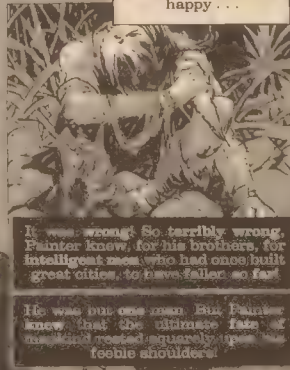


It was humans. Not from his tribe, but from another, living near the great southern waters of the city.

The sight of his own kind warmed him. They seemed at peace with themselves, content, happy . . .

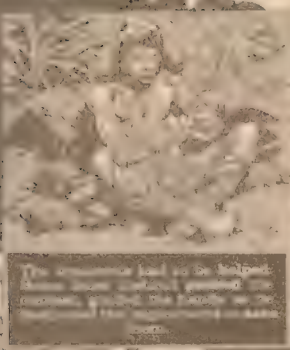


and totally at the mercy of the world!

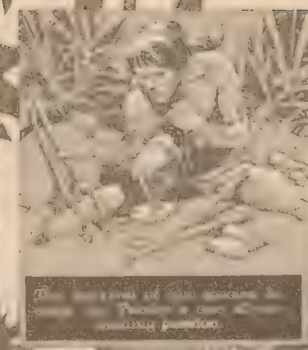


It was wrong! So terribly wrong. Painter knew, for his brothers, for intelligent men who had once built great cities, to have fallen so far!

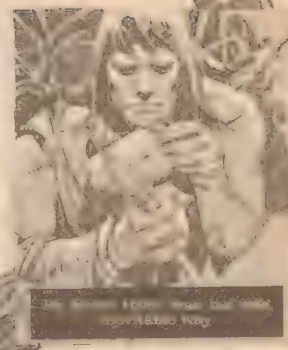
He was but one man. But Painter knew that the ultimate fate of mankind rested squarely upon his feeble shoulders!



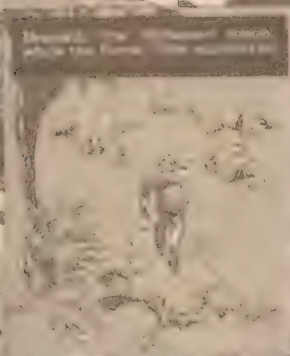
The woman had to be helped. She was so weak, leaning on the ground, trying to find a way to the other side of the forest.



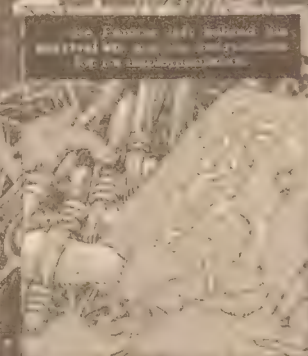
The woman of the forest is a woman of the forest. She is a woman of the forest.



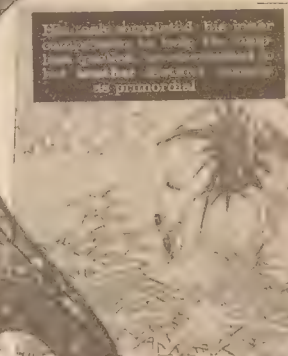
The woman of the forest is a woman of the forest. She is a woman of the forest.



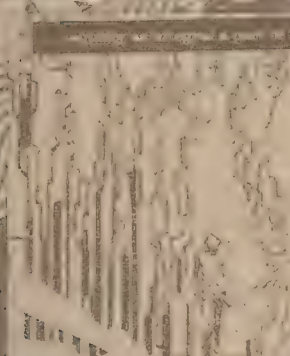
The woman of the forest is a woman of the forest. She is a woman of the forest.



The woman of the forest is a woman of the forest. She is a woman of the forest.



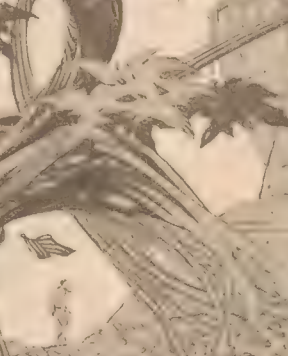
The woman of the forest is a woman of the forest. She is a woman of the forest.



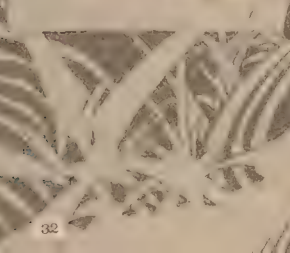
The woman of the forest is a woman of the forest. She is a woman of the forest.



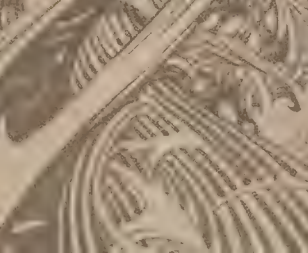
The woman of the forest is a woman of the forest. She is a woman of the forest.



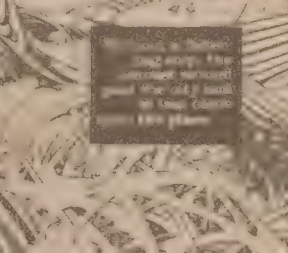
The woman of the forest is a woman of the forest. She is a woman of the forest.



The woman of the forest is a woman of the forest. She is a woman of the forest.



The woman of the forest is a woman of the forest. She is a woman of the forest.



The woman of the forest is a woman of the forest. She is a woman of the forest.



The woman of the forest is a woman of the forest. She is a woman of the forest.



The woman of the forest is a woman of the forest. She is a woman of the forest.



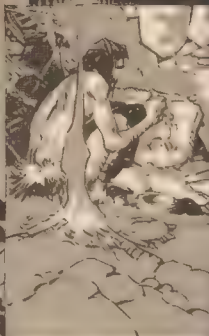
The woman of the forest is a woman of the forest. She is a woman of the forest.



The woman of the forest is a woman of the forest. She is a woman of the forest.



The woman of the forest is a woman of the forest. She is a woman of the forest.



Life continued for both the Painter and the forest tribe. Daily, the tribe ventured into the city to forage and explore, only to return again to the forest with the night, and continue their existence as mindless beasts.



The outcast, the 'Messiah,' became more primitive, yet, somehow, a little more civilized.



As the years passed, the loner discovered yet another like himself. A female. He took her as his wife, and she bore him many sons.

The loner was no more



He eventually began using his own tools and weapons, and paintings to explain their cause. Yet when attempts at communication were brought, neither did he understand the other's language.



They simply would not be enlightened . . . and saved!



In time, Painter forgot his brothers and contented himself with saving, educating his children in their stead.



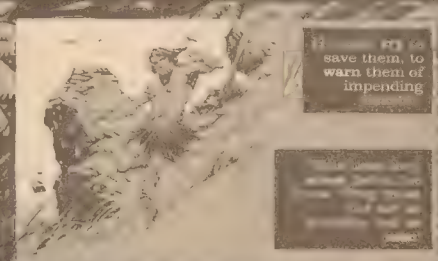
He ceased to care for his former tribe. They rebuked what he offered and sealed their own inevitable end.



It was the last time the city saw the forest tribe. They were gone, and the city was left to its own devices.



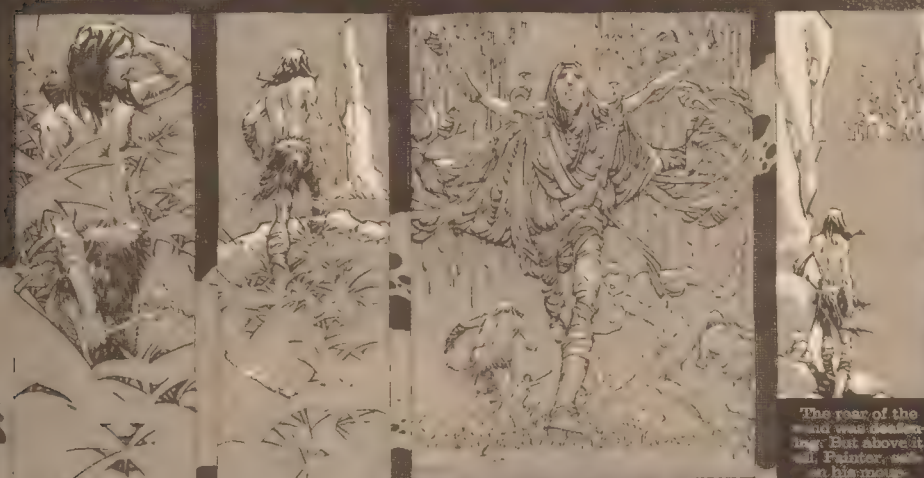
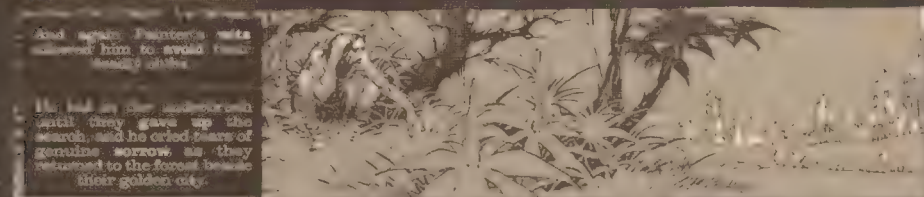
In time, the forest tribe was forgotten. They were gone, and the city was left to its own devices.



He saved them, to warn them of impending



And again, Painter's wife
urged him to avoid their
frenzied anger.



The howling winds came first. They
rattled through the trees, uprooting
trees, lifting bodies, only to send
them crashing like blood-filled
swords against naked skin and flesh.



The rains, too, were unrelenting, cascading from black, heavy clouds in endless torrents of passion. Pregnant rivers,
swollen from the frenzied, unchecked orgy, gave birth to turbulent, temperamental waves. And the sea, aroused by a
graying earth, hammered incessantly against her virginal landlocked crevices, until the virgin land was no more,
and a mighty flood unleashing nature's consummate vengeance, spilled forth in grim violation of her valleys.



Painter and his children were consumed with sorrow. From the safety of their mountain, they watched a civilization die!



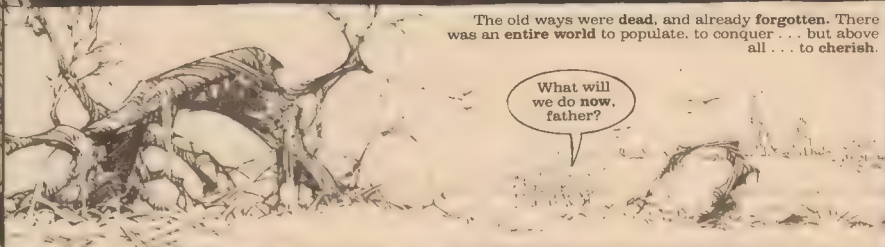
They saw the golden of crumble, and the witness as they passed beneath it.



Because Painter was different, he had watched.



Because he had survived, there would be a new order.



The old ways were dead, and already forgotten. There was an entire world to populate, to conquer . . . but above all . . . to cherish.

What will we do now, father?

Already, it was forgotten how the forest tribe came to be on this great but turbulent world!

We will go on as we have, my son, learning with each day that we live.

We will give thanks in the great Holy Place . . .

There was no memory of the desperate craft and crew that had crashed here centuries before.

Thanks to the all-supreme ones that we have survived . . .

Lost forever was the tale of how that crew had built a giant city to remind them of their own distant world.

... Thanks that we are . . . different!

No one remembered how the hapless crew tried to adapt to the continent by living by watching . . . by watching the forest.



For a moment, the forest was silent. The great, ancient trees, with their massive, gnarled trunks, stood like sentinels.

The forest was a place of secrets, a place where the ancient ones had hidden their power.

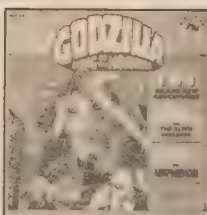
For a moment, the forest was silent. The great, ancient trees, with their massive, gnarled trunks, stood like sentinels.

The forest was a place of secrets, a place where the ancient ones had hidden their power.

FABULOUS RECORD ALBUMS



COMIC BOOK: Limited supply of this rare comedy record! It's a Rock-Super-Hero Suite, suited for the straight jacket set! #2337—\$5.98



GODZILLA: Now you can be thrilled by the exploits of Godzilla! Two exciting adventures, "Amphibion" and "Alien Invasion"! #2388—\$2.98



POE WITH PIPES: John Carradine narrates the master of terror on the written page, Edgar Allan Poe with an organ for background! #2382—\$4.98



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE: Original radio broadcasts of "The Oyster Diving" episode and the "Black Jacket" episode! Order today! #2327—\$6.95



DICK TRACY: An actual old-time radio broadcast of the celebrated case of the Firebug murders with Villain Hotfoot! #2325—\$6.95



GREAT MOMENTS IN RADIO: Original broadcasts of Gangbusters, Terry & the Pirates, Bing Crosby & more radio classics! #2340—\$3.98



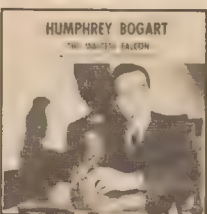
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT: Two full radio adventures from 1948 plus old breakfast drink commercials! Radio classics at its best! #2331—\$6.95



SUPERMAN: The complete story, from Krypton to the Daily Planet! Hear him whoosh through the air and fight evil! #2328—\$6.95



BUCK ROGERS: Original radio broadcast of Buck & his pal Wilma in the 25th Century as they fight against evil villains! #2329—\$6.95



MALTESE FALCON: It was a jinxed statuette that brought death & riches! Humphrey Bogart is Sam Spade! Super radio! #2334—\$6.95



THE SHADOW: "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?" Lamont Cranston does! A 1940's mystery, horror masterpiece! #2326—\$6.95



SOUNDS TO MAKE YOU SHIVER: It's all here! Howling wind, rattling chains, maniacal laughter & more! Great fun for parties! #2341—\$3.25



FANTASTIC TELEVISION

A pictorial history of science fiction on TV.

FANTASTIC TELEVISION A pictorial history of science fiction horror and fantasy on the home TV screen. This 192 page wonder contains run-downs on 190 television shows, is illustrated with over 350 photos, takes you behind the scenes of TV's fantasy factories, gives you a complete index to all the landmark series, all American and British shows, kid's programs & made for TV movies. 8 1/2 x 11" softcover! Order yours today! #21401—\$7.95



THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK PORTFOLIO OF PAINTINGS: An incredible collection of full color Ralph McQuarrie paintings that capture the full power, intensity and sweep of the year's best movie! There are 24 beautiful 8 1/2 x 11" color plates on quality glossy stock! #26271—\$8.95

NEW WARRIOR'S BATTLE JACKET

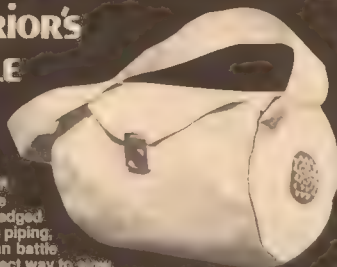
FOR EXCITING ADVENTURES FROM THE DISCO
TO THE OUTER LIMITS OF SPACE!



WARRIOR'S BATTLE PACK

WARRIOR'S BATTLE PACK

Super durable duck canvas edged in dark brown piping, makes this tan battle pack the perfect way to show your gear! 13" long & 10" in diameter, this spacious pack is decorated with a gold stitched Warrior's Battle Emblem & brass colored fastener. A 33" long strap allows you to wear off shoulder or as back pack! #26206—\$11.95




WARRIOR'S BATTLE JACKET

WARRIOR'S BATTLE JACKET: Super deluxe space jacket of some of your favorite T.V. characters in a ruggedly constructed of light brown denim. Its unique styling and its 100% cotton denim durability make this the perfect family jacket for anywhere wear. Whether it's from the baseball game to the disco, or from the backyard to your own space fantasy, this jacket will get you there warmly and in style! Machine washable and dryable, comes with special patch emblem, 2 insignia pins, care and handling information and four unique clasps (3 on sizes 4-6X) to complement that unique look of your favorite television heroes!

- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| A. Children's sizes 4, 5, 6 and 6X | #26199—\$29.95 |
| B. Children's sizes 7, 8, 10, 12 and 14 | #26200A—\$36.95 |
| Children's sizes 16, 18, and 20 | #26200B—\$43.95 |
| C. Women's sizes small, medium and large | #26201—\$43.95 |
| D. Men's sizes small, medium, and large | #26202A—\$49.95 |
| Men's size extra large | #26202B—\$50.95 |

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for complete MAIL ORDER FORM.



This is Jefferson Teleport, a sprawling mass of orderly confusion. Every day, five million travelers pass through the Teleporters on their way to five million destinations.

Like the slogan says, "Teleporting is the world's safest way to travel." I'm a pilot and I've always adhered to that motto. I've handled forty thousand passengers per day, every day for the past twelve years. All without incident.

Without incident, that is, until yesterday... when Teleporting became the most horribly disastrous mode of travel in two hundred thousand years.

TELEPORT 2010

I'm Captain Kerry Douglass with Portaways Translines. This is my formal report and statement of resignation.

Finished your report, Kerry?

Just listening to the playback.

The only talk that matters now is already recorded on the tape machine.

Kerr... I need to talk to you about yesterday.

I wish you'd stick around, Kerr. Me and you've put in a lot of years together. Won't be the same with you gone.

Yeah! The investigation.

You're really leaving then, Kerr?

It's time to get out of people shuttling while I can still retain some semblance of sanity.

I'll see you again, Snead. At the investigation, anyway...

Author: BUDD LEWIS/illustrator: ALEX NINO

The report goes to Teleport Authority Chief G. L. Sneed. Chief Sneed retains original copy until the formal hearing by appointed authorities.

I hate the word routine. It's such a routine word. But Tuesday, March 25th was a routine day. I checked in, logged my calculations, then reported to my cabin. Routine. Heavenly routine.

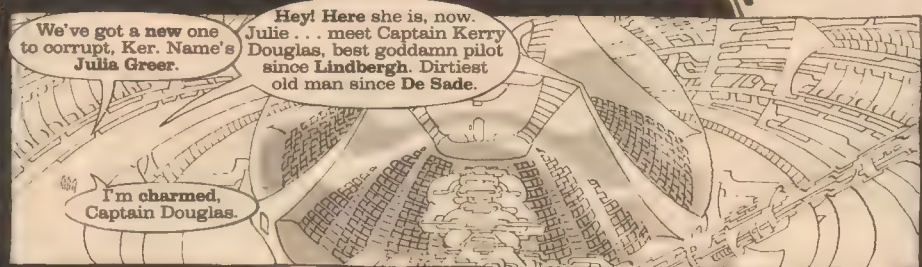
This month I was piloting a standard run. Nothing heavy. I commanded Portaways Flight 222 from Jefferson International to Washington, London, Athens and Bern. My navigator was Lt. John Carlin. My Stew, a new girl named Julia Greer.

I had no idea when I sat down in the cockpit yesterday that it would be my last flight, too. Along with every passenger on board.



Kerry. Good to see you again.

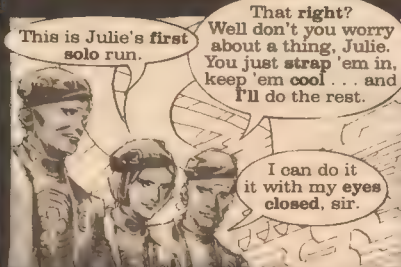
How you doin', Carlin? I see we've drawn Flight 222 again. Who's our Stew?



We've got a new one to corrupt, Ker. Name's Julia Greer.

Hey! Here she is, now. Julie... meet Captain Kerry Douglas, best goddamn pilot since Lindbergh. Dirtiest old man since De Sade.

I'm charmed, Captain Douglas.



This is Julie's first solo run.

That right? Well don't you worry about a thing, Julie. You just strap 'em in, keep 'em cool... and I'll do the rest.

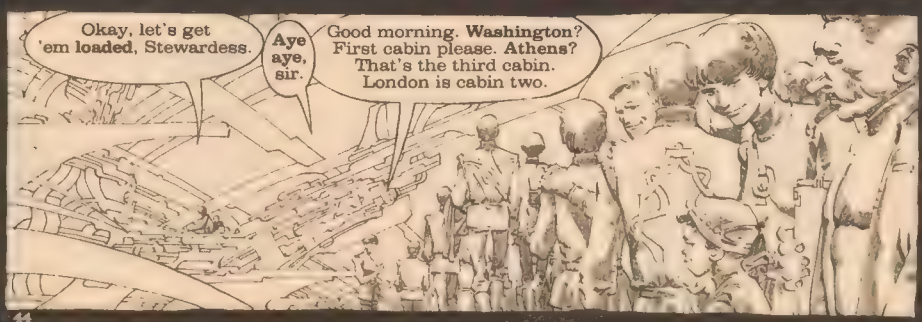
I can do it with my eyes closed, sir.



The way the good captain barnstorms a flight cabin, maybe keeping your eyes shut is a good idea.

Yeah. I always do. If ever I had to watch what I'm doing, I'd get sick.

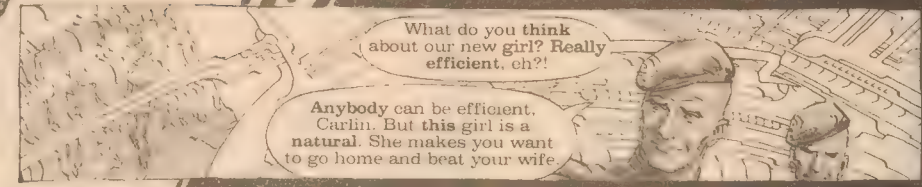
I see that I'm going to long remember my first flight with you two.



Okay, let's get 'em loaded, Stewardess.

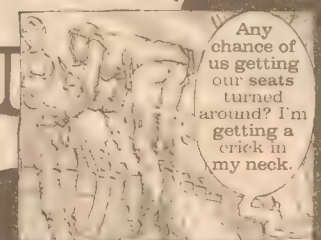
Aye aye, sir.

Good morning. Washington? First cabin please. Athens? That's the third cabin. London is cabin two.

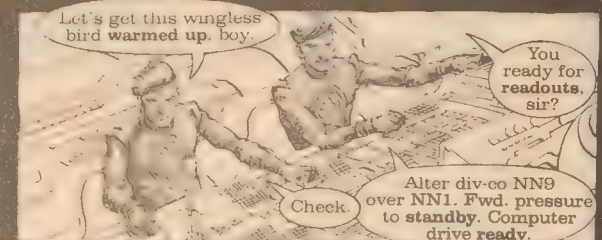


What do you think about our new girl? Really efficient, eh?!

Anybody can be efficient, Carlin. But this girl is a natural. She makes you want to go home and beat your wife.



Any chance of us getting our seats turned around? I'm getting a crick in my neck.

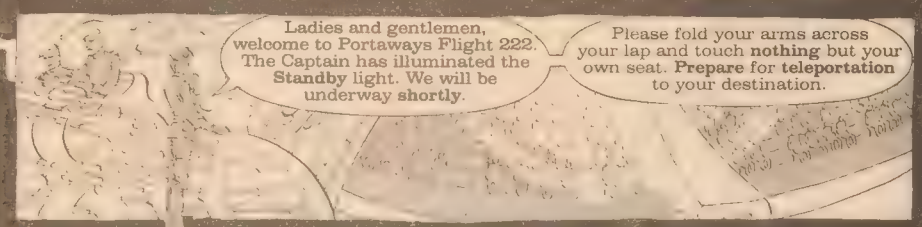


Let's get this wingless bird warmed up, boy.

You ready for readouts, sir?

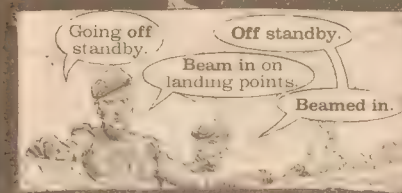
Check.

Alter div-co NN9 over NN1. Fwd. pressure to standby. Computer drive ready.



Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Portaways Flight 222. The Captain has illuminated the Standby light. We will be underway shortly.

Please fold your arms across your lap and touch nothing but your own seat. Prepare for teleportation to your destination.

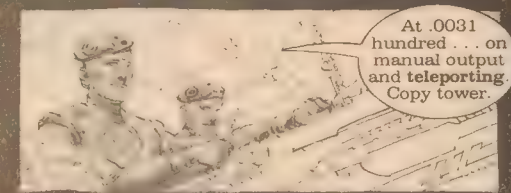


Going off standby.

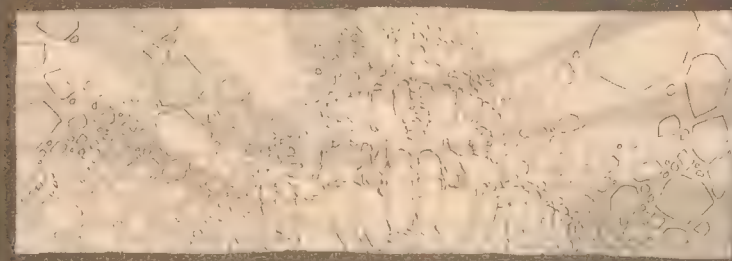
Off standby.

Beam in on landing points.

Beamed in.



At 0031 hundred... on manual output and teleporting. Copy tower.



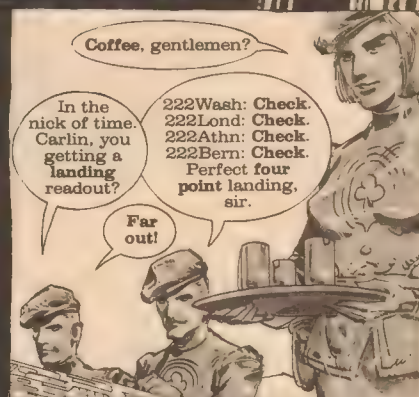
The first flight out was routine. We received word of teleportation. The passengers gained full air disruption and the tower beams sent them to Portaway 222. Coming in for landing.



That's it, boys and girls.

Everyone's beamed out clear, Captain.

Good goin', Julie.

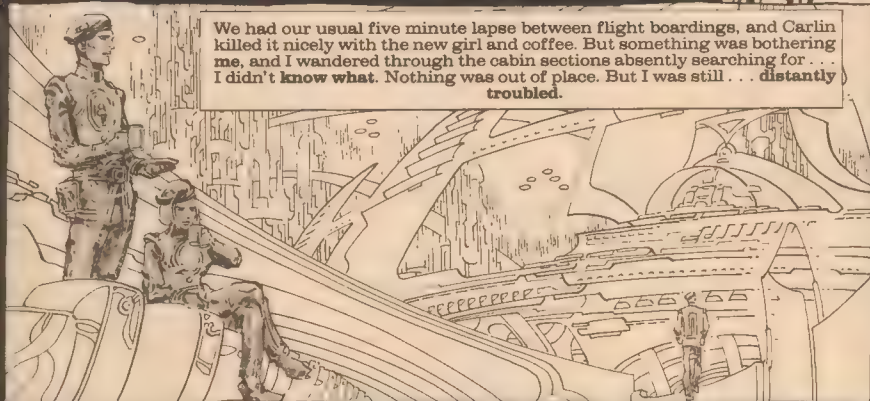


Coffee, gentlemen?

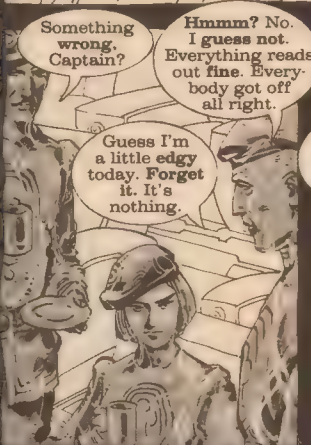
In the nick of time. Carlin, you getting a landing readout?

222Wash: Check.
222Lond: Check.
222Athn: Check.
222Bern: Check.
Perfect four point landing, sir.

Far out!



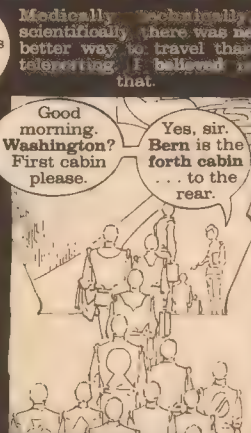
We had our usual five minute lapse between flight boardings, and Carlin killed it nicely with the new girl and coffee. But something was bothering me, and I wandered through the cabin sections absently searching for . . . I didn't know what. Nothing was out of place. But I was still . . . distantly troubled.



Something wrong, Captain?

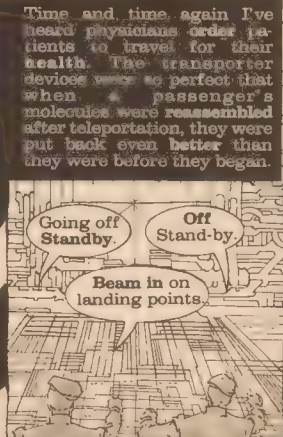
Hmmm? No. I guess not. Everything reads out fine. Everybody got off all right.

Guess I'm a little edgy today. Forget it. It's nothing.



Good morning, Washington? First cabin please.

Yes, sir. Bern is the forth cabin . . . to the rear.

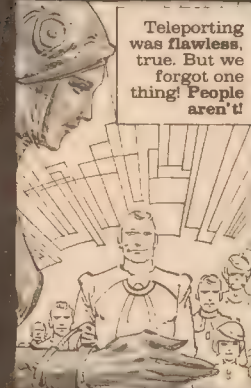
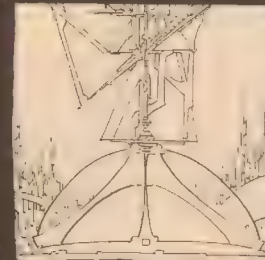


Going off Standby.

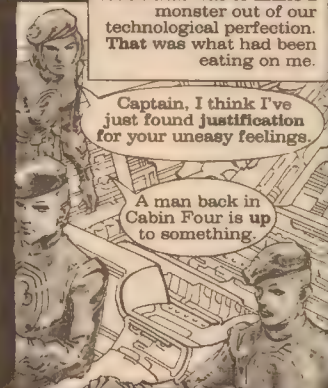
Off Stand-by.

Beam in on landing points.

The new girl was the mistress of the new teleporting. It was first invented by the scientists for space research. But clever lads that we are we soon learned how to make money with it!

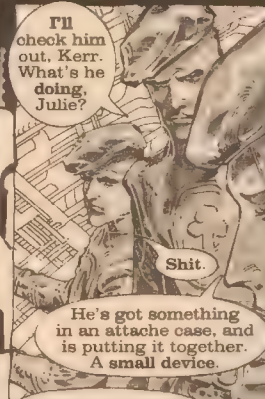


Teleporting was flawless, true. But we forgot one thing! People aren't!



Captain, I think I've just found justification for your uneasy feelings.

A man back in Cabin Four is up to something.



I'll check him out. Kerr. What's he doing, Julie?

Shit.

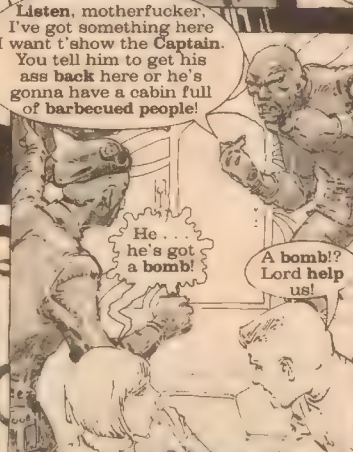
He's got something in an attache case, and is putting it together. A small device.



Sir, I've asked you to put that device away. Perhaps you'll listen to Lt. Carlin.

Get your ass out of here, flyboy . . . or I'll rip you apart.

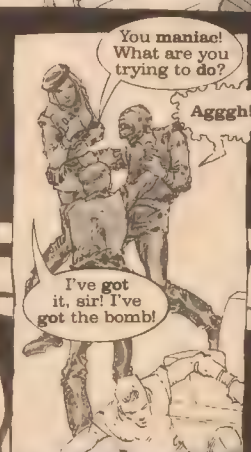
Okay, buddy! If you're going to cause trouble, you can move out of this cabin now!



Listen, motherfucker, I've got something here. I want t'show the Captain. You tell him to get his ass back here or he's gonna have a cabin full of barbecued people!

He . . . he's got a bomb!

A bomb!? Lord help us!



You maniac! What are you trying to do?

Agghh!

I've got it, sir! I've got the bomb!



Run, Julie! Get it out of here!

Help me. Somebody. Open the emergency hatch! Please!

You scumsuckin' prick. I haven't come this far to get screwed up by you. Give me that bomb, bitch!

Stewardess
Julia Greer
acted all so
bravely, all
too foolishly.
The bomb
went off in
her hands
before she
could even
leave the
cabin. Liquid
fire bathed
her, and
half
dred
...
in an
...
...

WHUMMPH!



I don't know how
saw, but the instant
heard the explosion
...

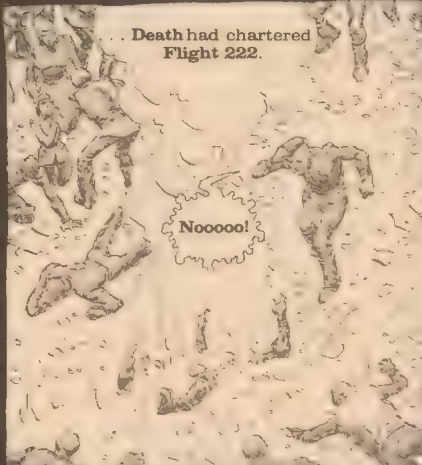
It was that
feeling of
uneasy
dread that
had been
pressing
me all day.
I needed
no one to
tell me ...

Captain!
In there!
It ... it's
horrible!



Death had chartered
Flight 222.

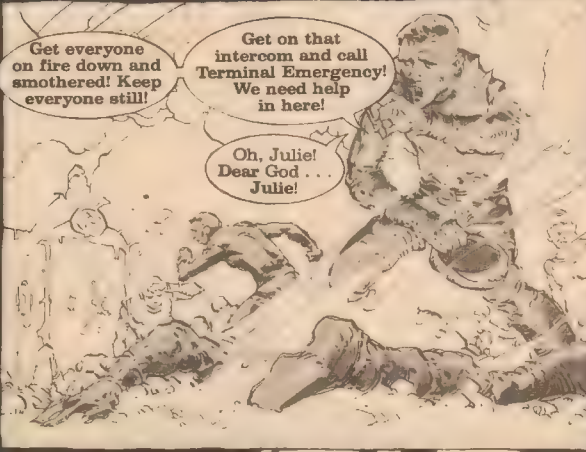
Nooooo!



Get everyone
on fire down and
smothered! Keep
everyone still!

Get on that
intercom and call
Terminal Emergency!
We need help
in here!

Oh, Julie!
Dear God ...
Julie!



Hello!?
Emergency! A bomb's
gone off—! AGH!



I didn't think I didn't realize
that I was sentenced to death
...
...

Nobody moves!
There'll be no
more calls for
help ... or I'll
kill everyone!



You'll get me
there ... safely, if
you want a single
person to walk out
of here alive.

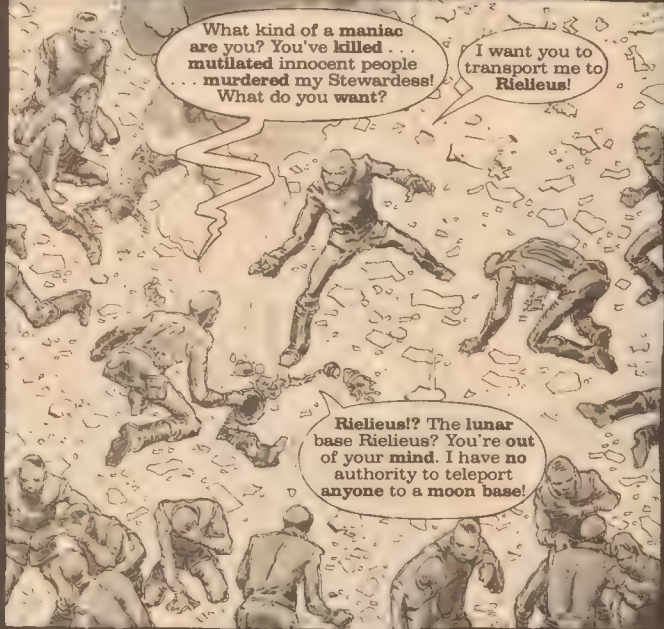
You think I'm
out of my mind?
Shit! I'm out of
prison! But once I
reach the lunar base
I'll be in non-govern-
mental domain. They
can't send me back
to the joint from
there!



What kind of a maniac
are you? You've killed ...
mutilated innocent people
... murdered my Stewardess!
What do you want?

I want you to
transport me to
Rielleus!

Rielleus!? The lunar
base Rielleus? You're out
of your mind. I have no
authority to teleport
anyone to a moon base!



Sudden!
behind, the ...
caught off-balance by a
gutsy passenger ...
been toppled to the cabin
floor, grappling amid the
gore-splattered debris for
the madman's high fre-
quency pistol.

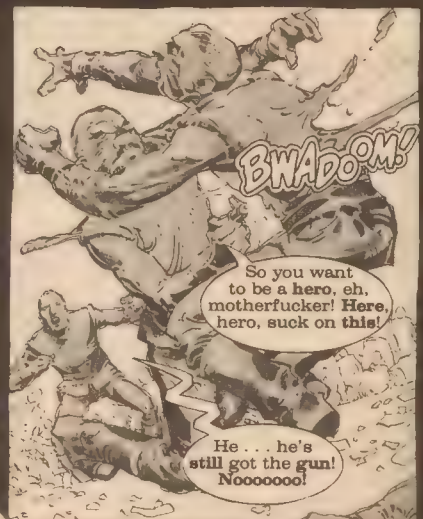


Got
him!

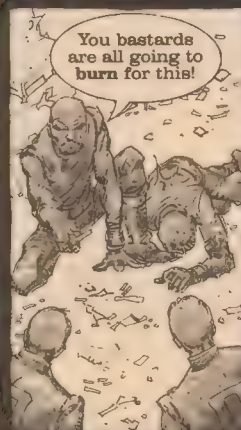
Huhh?!

So you want
to be a hero, eh,
motherfucker! Here,
hero, suck on this!

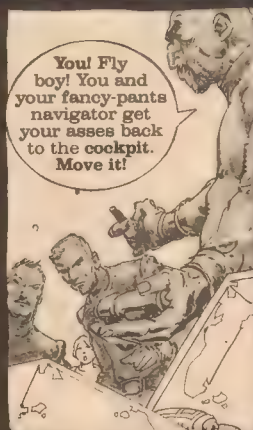
He ... he's
still got the gun!
Nooooooooo!



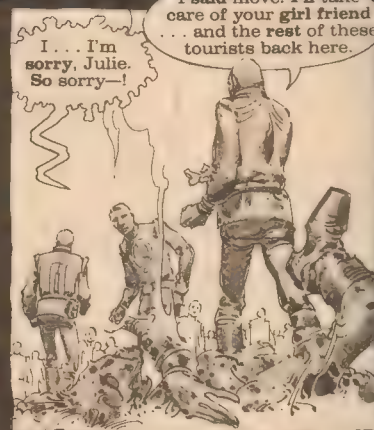
The fight was over quickly. And so were
our chances of overpowering the man.
We reacted too slowly, and there was
nothing to do but shield our faces from
the rain of blood, and pray to god that the
killing would end then and there.



You bastards
are all going to
burn for this!

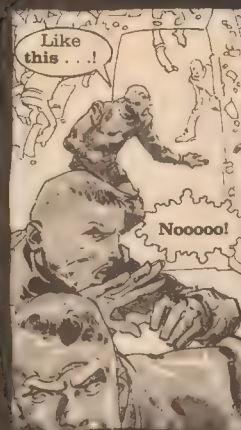


You! Fly
boy! You and
your fancy-pants
navigator get
your asses back
to the cockpit.
Move it!



I... I'm
sorry, Julie.
So sorry!

I said move! I'll take
care of your girl friend
... and the rest of these
tourists back here.

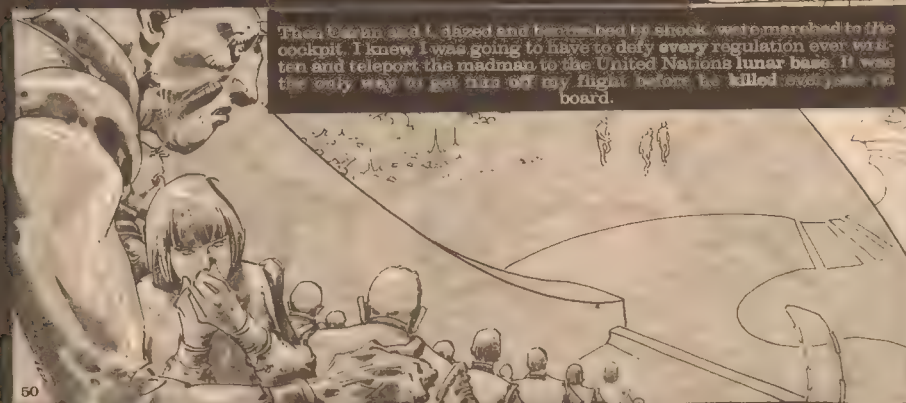


Like
this...

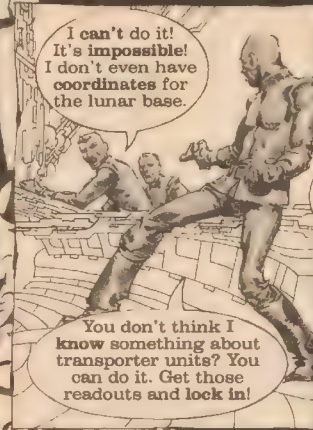
Nooooo!

Before we
could stop
him, the
madman had
lobbed a sec-
ond bomb in-
to the crowd of
screaming
people. In-
stantaneous
flames en-
gulfed the
fourth cab,
and the
retching odor
of sizzling
human flesh
ripped through
the entire
section.

WHOOOMPH!

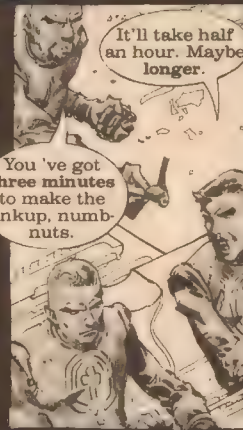


Then Carlin and I, dazed and dumbfounded by shock, were marched to the cockpit. I knew I was going to have to defy every regulation ever written and teleport the madman to the United Nations lunar base. It was the only way to get him off my flight before he killed everyone on board.



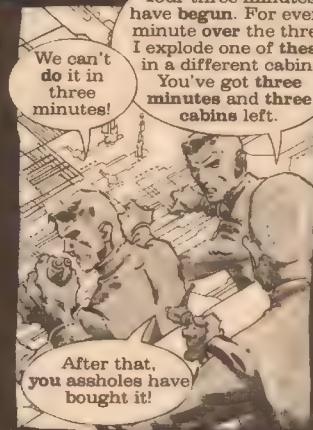
I can't do it!
It's impossible!
I don't even have
coordinates for
the lunar base.

You don't think I
know something about
transporter units? You
can do it. Get those
readouts and lock in!



It'll take half
an hour. Maybe
longer.

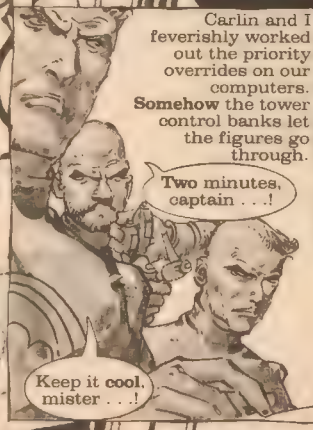
You've got
three minutes
to make the
linkup, num-
nuts.



We can't
do it in
three
minutes!

Your three minutes
have begun. For every
minute over the three
I explode one of these
in a different cabin.
You've got three
minutes and three
cabins left.

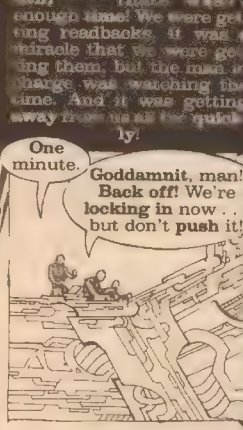
After that,
you assholes have
bought it!



Carlin and I
feverishly worked
out the priority
overrides on our
computers.
Somehow the tower
control banks let
the figures go
through.

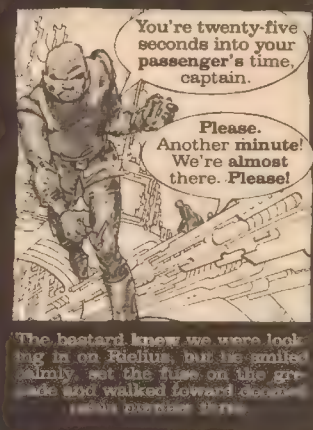
Two minutes,
captain...

Keep it cool,
mister...



Still
enough time! We were get-
ting readbacks. It was a
miracle that we were get-
ting them, but the man in
charge was watching the
time. And it was getting
away from us all the quick-
ly.

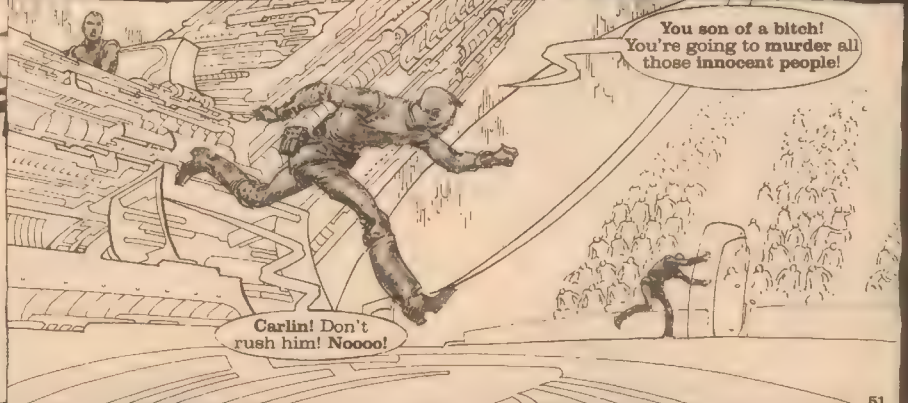
One
minute.
Goddamnit, man!
Back off! We're
locking in now...
but don't push it!



You're twenty-five
seconds into your
passenger's time
captain.

Please.
Another minute!
We're almost
there. Please!

The bastard knew we were lock-
ing in on Kielbasa, but he smiled
calmly, set the fuse on the gra-
nade and walked toward the door.
[REDACTED]



You son of a bitch!
You're going to murder all
those innocent people!

Carlin! Don't
rush him! Noooo!

I'll
kill
you!
BOWW!

Carlin and those poor bastards trapped in the cabin never had a chance. The hijacker spun, carefully aimed his pistol, and fired once. My navigator was hurled back six feet, his intestines trailing horribly outside of his writhing body.

WHAM!

My god...!
Oh, god

Carlin!

Oh, Jesus!
What have we
done...?

One minute and
thirty seconds into
your passengers
time, Captain.

Cabin two
is next!

Christ,
man! What
do you want
from me?

Prepare to
transport me,
Captain.

All right.
It's almost
set. Just...
just let my
passengers
get off!

No way,
shortairs. They
transport with me
... as hostages.

Noooo!

And they
do it now!

Wait. Please
Something's
wrong

The Tower
won't clear
me for lunar
base!

Don't shit me,
motherfucker.
I'm in no mood
for tricks.

I don't give a damn
what you think. I
want you launched off
my cabin just as much
as you do. But I can't
get clearance to
the moon!

Your controls
have to be locked
in on something,
asshole. And clear-
ance or not, you're
going to beam me
there!

The space
wheel! The re-
search station
between the
Earth and the
moon. That's
where I can
teleport you!

May I
have your
attention
please?

As you know, we are in the
hands of a hijacker.
He's already killed half the
passengers on this flight, and
is willing to finish the job.
Please keep still, don't move
and do what he says.

I am teleporting
everyone to the space station
orbiting Earth. If all goes
well, you should be back here
safely, within the hour.

The space
station is
international
territory.

You can't
be arrested
there. They
will let you
proceed to
wherever you
want to go.
Just... just
leave my
passengers
there... in
one piece!

You'll
be sorry
if you try
anything
out!

Damn you!
Go! Now! I'm
locking in on
the wheel.

Hurry! Sit down!
Strap yourself in.
And for god's sake
don't hurt any more
of my people!

You just get us
to that space station.
Who gets hurt depends
on you, fly boy!

I'm locked in.
But I need an
extra set of hands
to coordinate the
locking mechanism.
Before you strap
in, help me!

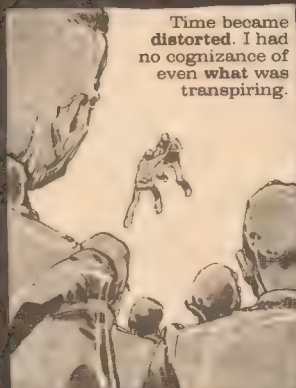
No tricks,
captain!

What do you
want me to do?

Just
this!

We've got exactly
forty seconds to make the
transport, or we have to
reset the lock-in! That
wheel is moving out
there, man!

I had one chance to stop the
bastard, and I made it count.
He fought desperately...
but no one was more desper-
ate than I.



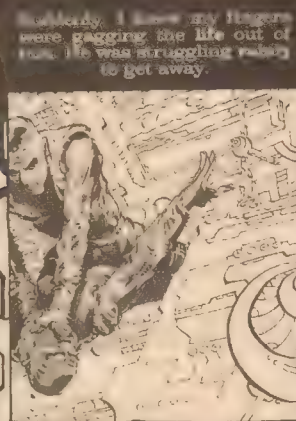
Time became distorted. I had no cognizance of even what was transpiring.



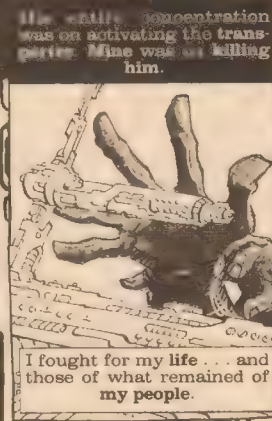
There was only one blood red thought raging through my mind...



... Stop Him!

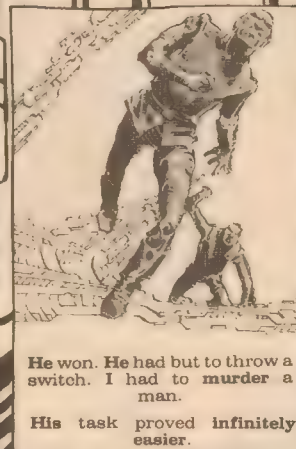


Suddenly, I knew my fingers were gagging the life out of him. He was struggling vainly to get away.



His entire concentration was on activating the transporter. Mine was on killing him.

I fought for my life... and those of what remained of my people.



He won. He had but to throw a switch. I had to murder a man.

His task proved infinitely easier.

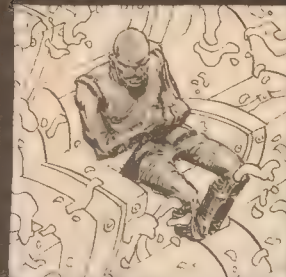


Suddenly, the look-in device beamed on. The teleportation had begun.



A seat! Must get to a seat!

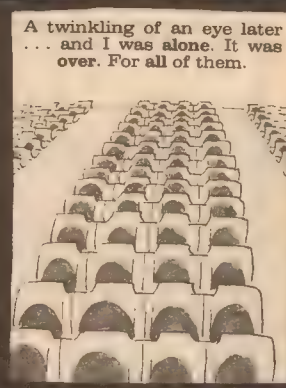
He tore free of my grip and raced maniacally towards the cabin. The others were already beginning their trip into space. He had yet to begin... and they were leaving him behind!



A passenger has to make bodily contact with the transporter scanners situated within each seat. He found a empty seat. In time.



I hammered at the control panel to stop him. To stop all of them. But I was too late! I couldn't reverse the ionic procedure. I had begun.

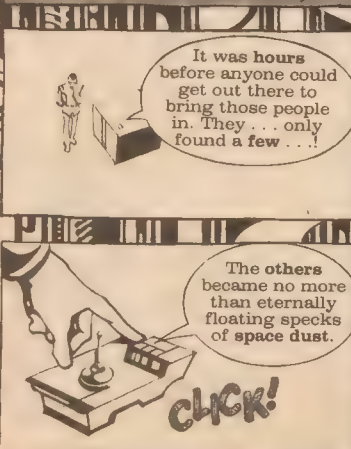


A twinkling of an eye later... and I was alone. It was over. For all of them.



From the time I'd looked in on the massive space wheel, I had forty seconds before the wheel rotated out of target. The hijacker and I had fought for perhaps two minutes.

Every passenger aboard was moved to a pinpoint in outer space... and missed the wheel by one hundred meters.



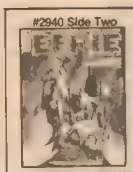
It was hours before anyone could get out there to bring those people in. They... only found a few...

The others became no more than eternally floating specks of space dust.

CLICK!

Upon review of ex-Captain Kerry Douglas' formal report of the hijacking incident aboard Flight 222, I can only advise that the court case proceed as considered previously. The charge remains: Indictment of Douglas on the charge of manslaughter and negligent homicide of all passengers aboard Flight 222. —Filed by Terminal Teleport Authority Chief, G. L. Snead.

WARREN POSTERS



Special Double Posters! Creepy #46 & Eerie #40
16"x22" Full color on both sides. Order one
copy for \$1.00 or two copies for \$1.50! #2940



EERIE #41 Full Color
20"x28" #2928—\$2.00



EERIE #23 Full Color
20"x28" #2930—\$1.50



VAMPI #7 Full Color
20"x28" #2931—\$2.00



CREEPY #48 Full Color
20"x28" #2937—\$2.00

SPECIAL
ON THESE
FOUR
POSTERS
2 FOR \$3.50
3 FOR \$5.00
ALL 4 FOR
\$6.75!

VAMPIRELLA

**6
FEET
TALL
FULL
COLOR!**

#2928/\$2.98



CREEPY #84 Full Color
20"x28" #2961—\$2.00



EERIE #79 Full Color
20"x28" #2962—\$2.00



EERIE #88 Full Color
20"x28" #2991—\$2.00



CREEPY #93 Full Color
20"x28" #2992—\$2.00



EERIE #38 Full Color
20"x28" #2938—\$2.00



EERIE #46 Full Color
20"x28" #2939—\$2.00



FM #100 Full Color
20"x28" #2941—\$2.00



VAMPI #23 Full Color
20"x28" #2942—\$2.00



CREEPY #7 Full Color
20"x28" #2951—\$2.00



CREEPY #10 Full Color
20"x28" #2952—\$2.00



CREEPY #11 Full Color
20"x28" #2953—\$2.00



FM #93 Full Color
20"x28" #2954—\$2.00



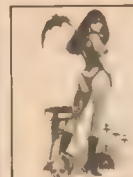
EERIE #57 Full Color
20"x28" #2956—\$2.00



EERIE #59 Full Color
20"x28" #2960—\$2.00



VAMPI #27 Full Color
20"x28" #2961—\$2.00



VAMPI #36 Full Color
20"x28" #2962—\$2.00



FM #113 Full Color
20"x28" #2963—\$2.00



FM #109 Full Color
20"x28" #2964—\$2.00



CREEPY #75 Full Color
20"x28" #2975—\$2.00

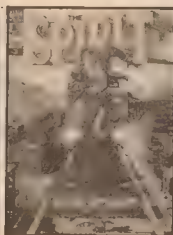


VAMPI #52 Full Color
20"x28" #2977—\$2.00

WARREN'S SPIRIT BACK ISSUES



ISSUE #2 #1002/\$4.00



ISSUE #3 #1003/\$4.75



ISSUE #4 #1004/\$3.50



ISSUE #5 #1005/\$3.50



ISSUE #6 #1006/\$3.50



ISSUE #7 #1007/\$3.50



ISSUE #8 #1008/\$3.50



ISSUE #9 #1009/\$3.75



ISSUE #10 #1010/\$3.75



ISSUE #11 #1011/\$3.00



ISSUE #12 #1012/\$3.00



ISSUE #13 #1013/\$2.75



ISSUE #14 #1014/\$2.75



ISSUE #15 #1015/\$1.75



ISSUE #16 #1016/\$2.00



SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURE PAPERBACK! OUTLAND

FROM THE CREATORS OF ALIEN!

Outland, Hell in space! Where the insatiable hungers of Earth are fed, and where men die like flies. Order your copy of this spellbinding novelization of the movie "OUTLAND" from the creators of "Alien." Don't miss this sci-fi smash! #21424—\$2.75

NOW AVAILABLE! SUPPLY LIMITED! BLAZING COMBAT COMICS!



BLAZING COMBAT: #2 From the Revolution to the horrors of Viet Nam. Action tales! #1502—\$4.25



BLAZING COMBAT: #3 See Welly Wood's Battle of Britain, Toth's Survival. Realistic! #1503—\$4.25



BLAZING COMBAT: #4 Beginning with the stunning Frazetta cover art top winner! #1504—\$4.25

ZINCOR AND THE FEMPIRE

The canyon was desolately quiet. In the brown clay basin, past the ultraviolet rocks, a warship glistened brilliantly, complimenting the reflected rays of the afternoon's ochre sun, silent after its long voyage halfway around a world.

Hidden in the lush crimson foliage not far away, a cluster of men nervously snapped back the bolts of their rifles. The weapons, clearly non-regulation, appropriated from the stilled unfortunates of a hundred forgotten battles, were leveled but not really aimed at the warship . . . which was clearly Fempire!


Suddenly, the vessel's hatch opened, and the women passed through. Six of them, cautiously at first. They were armed with standard issue Menningers. Short-range handguns were strapped against their thighs.



At this distance, Zincor had no easy shot. He selected one of the women in the forefront, and centered the crosshairs somewhere just below her left breast. He waited a moment, until he was sure, then slowly squeezed the trigger.

ZAK!





Zincot had heard rumors that women were slow and dull-witted. Now, this close, he knew it wasn't so. Their reaction was swift and precise. They scattered like billiard balls, taking cover behind rocks, their ship, and any other handy thing that even remotely offered safety.

Again Zincot was hit by a rapid succession of broken bones and shrapnel. He was hit again, retreated and was hit again. Zincot almost missed.

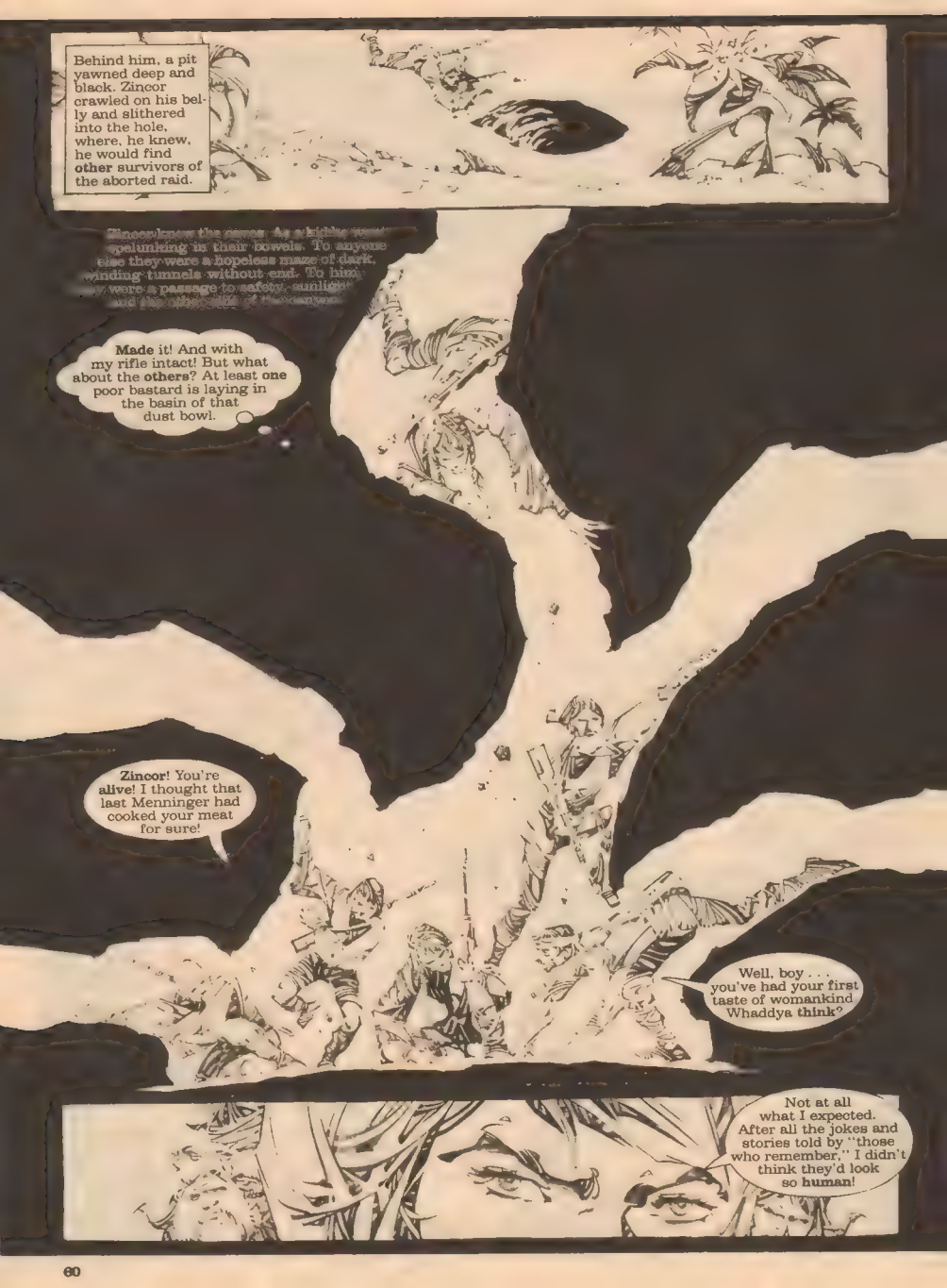
A Menninger beam shattered the rock ledge, some twenty feet above Zincot's head. He barely avoided several chunks of rock that snowballed toward him. The women changed their position. That was bad!

Worse, the ship's surface hummed louder, then flashed with startling intensity. Had Zincot not recognized the telltale energy charge and shielded his eyes, it would have burned out his retina and left him permanently sightless.

There was a sound from the opposite side of the cave. Someone had not been so lucky.

Without doubt, the man who'd retreated inside had activated the device.

He knew, too, that the women were wearing protective lenses. It was time to eliminate



Behind him, a pit yawned deep and black. Zincor crawled on his belly and slithered into the hole, where, he knew, he would find other survivors of the aborted raid.

Zincor knew the caves. As a kid he used spelunking in their bowels. To anyone else they were a hopeless maze of dark, winding tunnels without end. To him, they were a passage to safety, sunlight, and the unknown.

Made it! And with my rifle intact! But what about the others? At least one poor bastard is laying in the basin of that dust bowl.

Zincor! You're alive! I thought that last Menninger had cooked your meat for sure!

Well, boy . . . you've had your first taste of womankind. Whaddya think?

Not at all what I expected. After all the jokes and stories told by "those who remember," I didn't think they'd look so human!

Meanwhile, Commander Jib Alpine the Empire warship smoldered unchecked fury.

It's too quiet up there. The bastards have probably fled back into the hills!

We've got to search the dogs out and cut them down. This is the last bastion of male chauvinism in the Empire and I won't have it said that my squadron couldn't clean it out!

I don't like it! They were waiting for us. They knew we were coming! How?

I can't answer that, Marta. But I do know that womankind in going to exterminate the limp pigs who call themselves men, once and for all!

I'll give a three day pass to every woman who brings me back a man's severed dork!

Waiting for others to come, she stood and arched back up the crazy outcrops toward the plateau. She was sure, she was sure, she was sure.

Just past nightfall. In the distance, Zinoor could hear the cries of mutant animals. The women had made camp atop the plateau. Two were sleeping, two acted as sentries. From the rooftop, he had an unobstructed view.

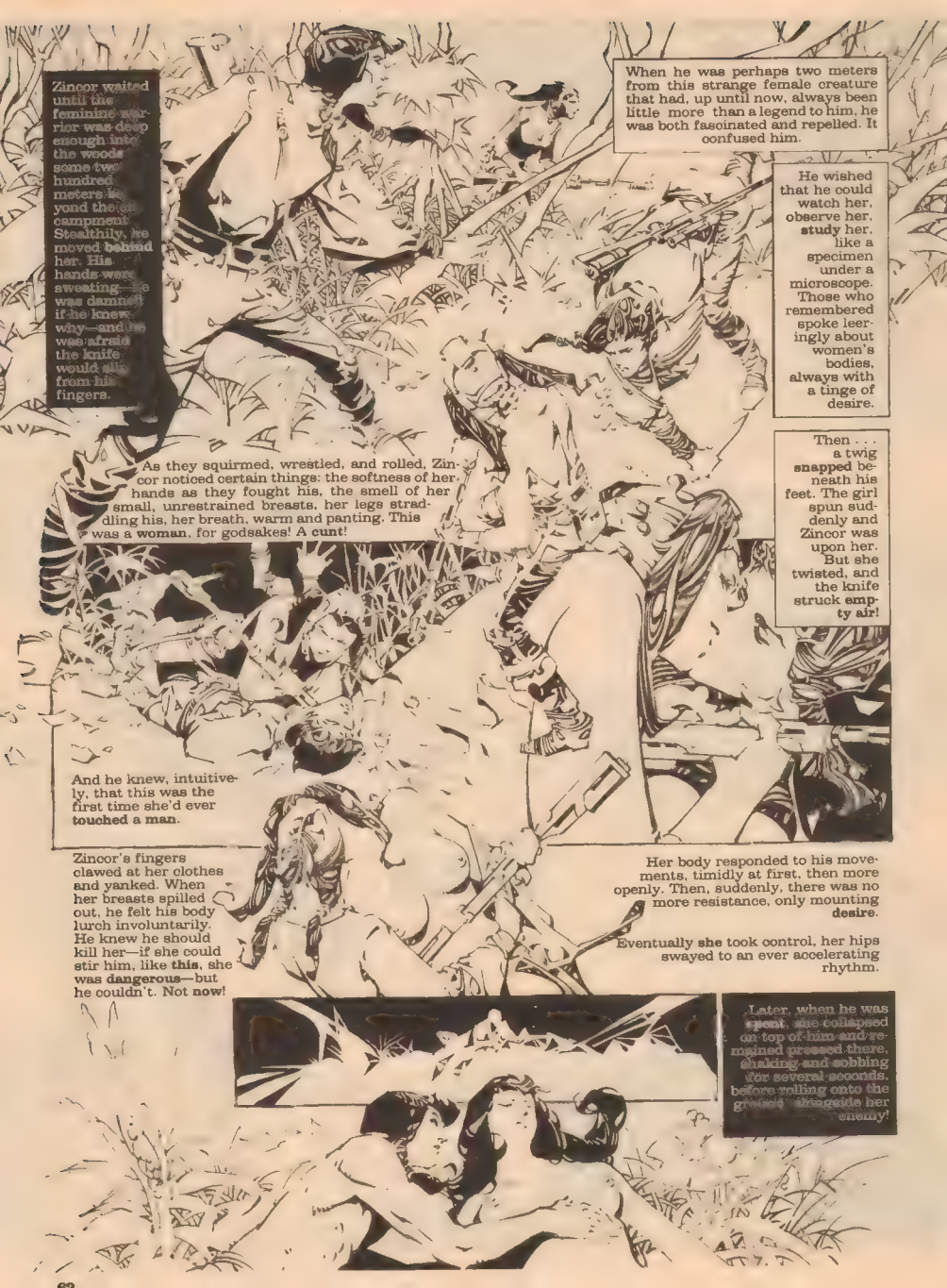
There was a chance he could pick off all four before they could reach their Menninger Beam. But it was a long shot at best. If he missed, he was too slow, they'd blast him from his perch.

He gripped the strap and heaved up toward the advanced armaments. But if he could avoid one of their weapons, the situation would be radically altered. He gripped the strap firmly and swung, he'd built sufficient momentum.

Then he let go.

Did you hear that, Liz?

Probably just a small animal. Check it out. But be careful!



Zincor waited until the feminine warrior was deep enough into the woods some two hundred meters beyond the campment. Stealthily, he moved behind her. His hands were sweating—he was damned if he knew why—and he was afraid the knife would slip from his fingers.

When he was perhaps two meters from this strange female creature that had, up until now, always been little more than a legend to him, he was both fascinated and repelled. It confused him.

He wished that he could watch her, observe her, study her, like a specimen under a microscope. Those who remembered spoke leeringly about women's bodies, always with a tinge of desire.

Then . . . a twig snapped beneath his feet. The girl spun suddenly and Zincor was upon her.

But she twisted, and the knife struck empty air!

As they squirmed, wrestled, and rolled, Zincor noticed certain things: the softness of her hands as they fought his, the smell of her small, unrestrained breasts, her legs straddling his, her breath, warm and panting. This was a woman, for godsakes! A cunt!

And he knew, intuitively, that this was the first time she'd ever touched a man.

Zincor's fingers clawed at her clothes and yanked. When her breasts spilled out, he felt his body lurch involuntarily. He knew he should kill her—if she could stir him, like this, she was dangerous—but he couldn't. Not now!

Her body responded to his movements, timidly at first, then more openly. Then, suddenly, there was no more resistance, only mounting desire.

Eventually she took control, her hips swayed to an ever accelerating rhythm.

Later, when he was spent, she collapsed on top of him and remained pressed there, shaking and sobbing for several seconds, before rolling onto the ground, straggling her enemy!

He was aware not of the woman, but of the gun . . . a mini-Menninger, less powerful than the larger model, but fatal at this range. He jerked to the left, and howled as the beam grazed his shoulder.

Filthy prick bastard! What have you done to her?

BOOO!

He was wounded! The humiliation hurt worse than the pain. A bitch had snuck up and shot him! How could he have been so stupid?

He paused, listening for sounds of pursuit. There were none, yet, but it wouldn't be long before they took up the chase. He sour-ried like a squirrel, deeper into the woods.

Though he didn't know her name, Marta Beta had been his first woman-lover. She slipped into what remained of her clothes, feeling flustered, embarrassed, and a bit excited, confronted by the accusing stares of Sara Delta.

Did he rape you?

"Yes" Marta said, not because it was true, but because it was against Empire law for woman to mate with man. All breeding was by artificial insemination. Even the sperm used was a synthetic, imitation fluid, not the real thing.

We will have justice! We'll find that animal! And when he dies, it will be slowly, in excruciating pain. You will have his balls to wear around your neck!

It wasn't exactly what Marta had in mind. Now, her appetite whetted, desire still stirring within her, she knew they could be put to better use.

When Zincor returned to the camp wounded, he was in a state of shame. He knew that he should have known what had happened. He could read it in their cold, hard eyes. They regarded him as a disgrace.

Fool! How could you?

How could you let her contaminate you? See what your weakness brought you? One less weapon and a charred shoulder!

Maybe next time we tell you the cunts are dangerous, you'll listen!

The time came when Zincoor ran his tongue over his split lip and tasted blood. "Son of a bitch!" he said under his breath as he angrily flung himself forward, driving his shoulders behind the man's knees.

You're jealous because you've never had a good fuck!

One speaker whistled. Another laughed.

There's no point in continuing this. Your folly will bring its own punishments, Zincoor.

Or its own rewards!

Those bastards are somewhere in this forest. Menningers ready! We'll burn them out!

No! You... you can't—!

Marta?

There was some suspicion that what happened to you wasn't completely involuntary. Only your torn clothes substantiated your story. Please don't give us cause for further doubt!

Back at the Empire campment, the women, all except Marta, raised their weapons level with the woods.

The target points became quadrangles. All agreed that the men would be trapped somewhere in the burning forest once it had fanned the flames to hellish intensity.

Marta felt the cold stares of her commander and her sisters. Slowly she raised her own Menninger ... and fired. Her body shook with silent sobs, her vision obscured by the dampness of her choked-back tears. Her shot went wild.

But the timberland was dry. The fire spread faster than a whore's legs. Flame licked the sky like demon tongues climaxing in frantic ecstasy.

Even from where Marta stood, she could feel the heat.

Black, billowing smoke, so thick it seemed impenetrable, whooshed upwards, clashing with the yellow-orange light for dominion of the sky. The heat was hellish. Zin-oor heard a crackling, like crumpled cellophane, moving closer, growing louder.

Crazy sluts!
They . . . they're
trying to burn
us out!

Quick! To
the tunnel! We'll
make our way under
the forest, and come
up behind them!

And suddenly he
saw it! The omi-
nous, scaly hell-
beast!

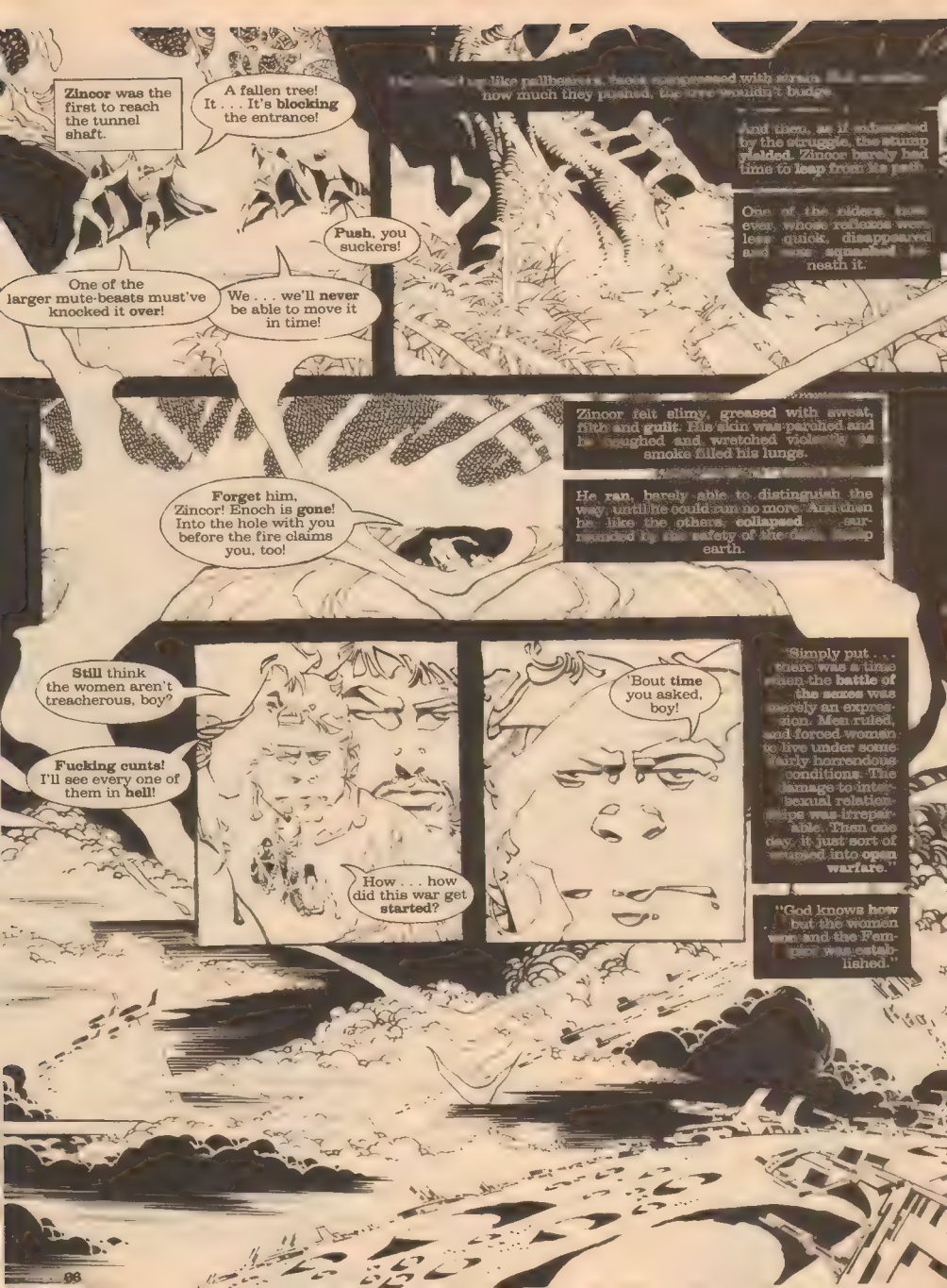
Poor things
are terrified.
I can't blame
them!

The beast, a mu-
t, didn't under-
stand what was
happening. Yet it
knew danger and
the fear of death,
and would charge
without caring that
it would

BOOM!

Behind him Zin-oor
heard the crack of
ride. He saw the
beast explode in
thousand pieces of
scaly wreckage
gone.

They raced on, without looking
back, yet subtly aware that the
fire was gaining on them.



Zincor was the first to reach the tunnel shaft.

A fallen tree! It... It's blocking the entrance!

Push, you suckers!

One of the larger mute-beasts must've knocked it over!

We... we'll never be able to move it in time!

Like railheavers, back compressed with strain, now much they pushed, the tree wouldn't budge.

And then, as if exhausted by the struggle, the stump yielded. Zincor barely had time to leap from its path.

One of the elders, then, ever, whose robes were less quick, disappeared and was squashed beneath it.

Forget him, Zincor! Enoch is gone! Into the hole with you before the fire claims you, too!

Zincor felt slimy, greased with sweat, filth and guilt. His skin was parched and he coughed and writhed violently as smoke filled his lungs.

He ran, barely able to distinguish the way, until he could run no more. And then he, like the others, collapsed, surrounded by the safety of the dark, damp earth.

Still think the women aren't treacherous, boy?

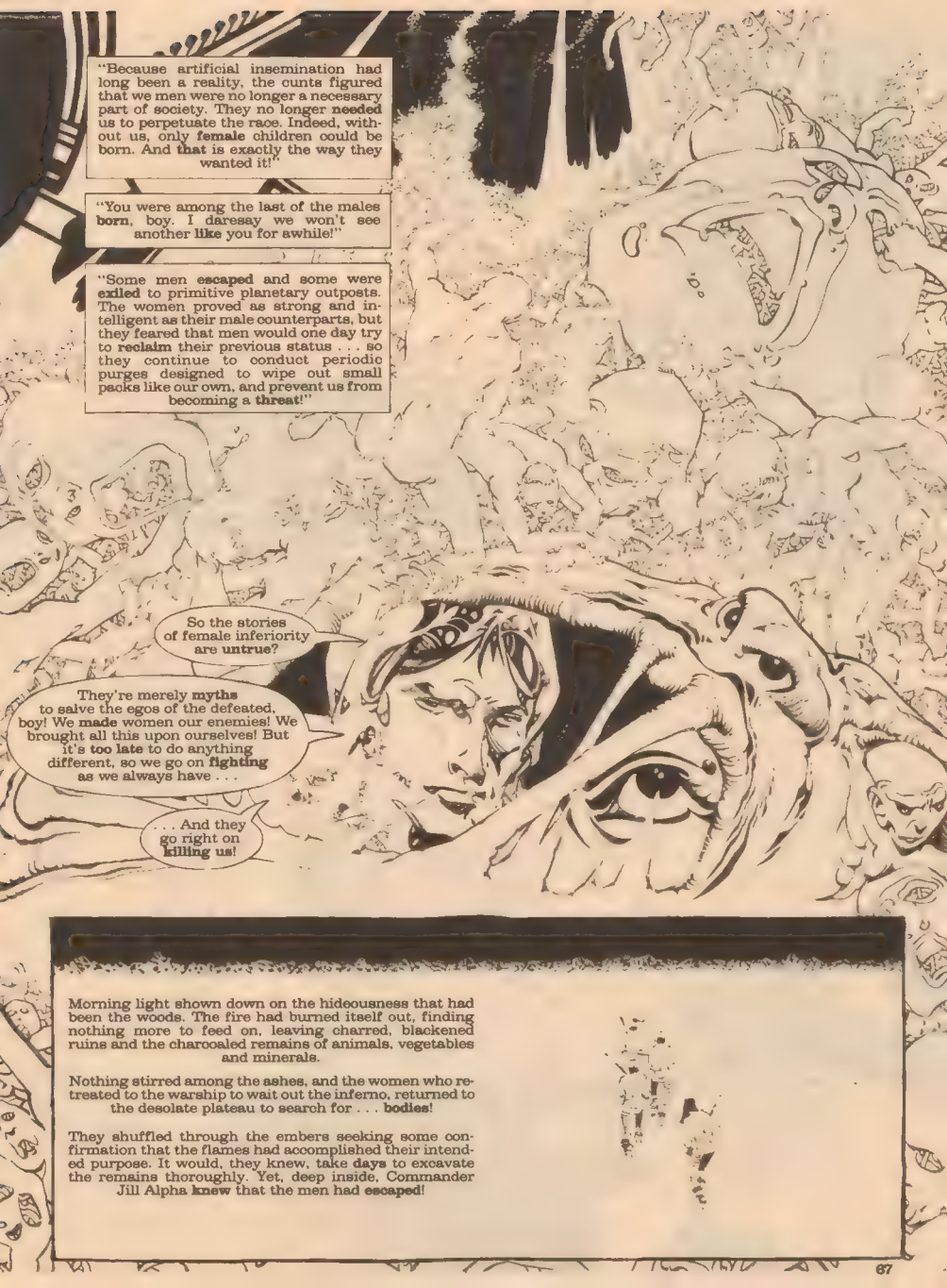
Fucking cunts! I'll see every one of them in hell!

How... how did this war get started?

'Bout time you asked, boy!

"Simply put... there was a time when the battle of the sexes was merely an expression. Men ruled, and forced women to live under some fairly horrendous conditions. The damage to interpersonal relations was irreparable. Then one day, it just sort of erupted into open warfare."

"God knows how but the women won and the Femper was established."



"Because artificial insemination had long been a reality, the cunts figured that we men were no longer a necessary part of society. They no longer needed us to perpetuate the race. Indeed, without us, only female children could be born. And that is exactly the way they wanted it!"

"You were among the last of the males born, boy. I daresay we won't see another like you for awhile!"

"Some men escaped and some were exiled to primitive planetary outposts. The women proved as strong and intelligent as their male counterparts, but they feared that men would one day try to reclaim their previous status... so they continue to conduct periodic purges designed to wipe out small packs like our own, and prevent us from becoming a threat!"

So the stories of female inferiority are untrue?

They're merely myths to salve the egos of the defeated, boy! We made women our enemies! We brought all this upon ourselves! But it's too late to do anything different, so we go on fighting as we always have...

... And they go right on killing us!

Morning light shined down on the hideousness that had been the woods. The fire had burned itself out, finding nothing more to feed on, leaving charred, blackened ruins and the charcoaled remains of animals, vegetables and minerals.

Nothing stirred among the ashes, and the women who retreated to the warship to wait out the inferno, returned to the desolate plateau to search for... bodies!

They shuffled through the embers seeking some confirmation that the flames had accomplished their intended purpose. It would, they knew, take days to excavate the remains thoroughly. Yet, deep inside, Commander Jill Alpha knew that the men had escaped!

The men looked at the desert rats as they scaled the face of the cliff, hoping to surprise the women from behind. If they failed, they'd be caught in a cross-fire . . . from the plateau above and the wasteland below.

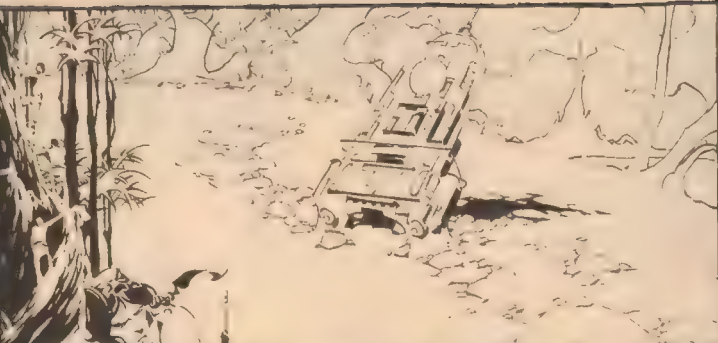
It was a desperate ploy. But they were desperate. The five had consumed their provisions. To obtain more meant crossing the canyon, leaving them open for an ambush similar to the one they had suffered upon the women yesterday.

As they ascended, an elder grabbed at a jutting rock to haul himself up. It gave under his weight. He clawed at the air, hanging frantically, his right arm reaching for his foot, before plunging screaming toward the basin.

Terror turned Zincor's flesh to ice. The hairs of his back and arms prickled. He hung there, helpless, suspended. The shrieking echo faded and died. For a long time he dared not look up.

When he finally did, he saw what he expected to see. . . Two women with Menningers, grinning smugly, savoring triumph like a last delicious morsel of food.

For what little consolation it offered him, Marta was not one of them.



And then the men saw her. Marta. Atop the plateau behind her sisters. Slowly, deliberately, she leveled her rifle and fired!

BOO!

AIEEEE!

I should have expected this, Marta! You betraying... killing your own kind!

My mother told me... once a man gets his cock into a girl, you may as well put a bullet in her head... she's ruined!

She... she's on our side!

Don't shoot, men! She... she's on our side!

Marta moved forward, her eyes darting from one man to another. She walked to the bank of the river without remorse, aimed at the man in the lead.

The elder forced Jill's hands behind her back and bound her tightly with his belt. The woman winced as he pulled out a knife and began to cut her hair.

WHA-DOH!

What... what made you do it... to betray your own kind?

I... I don't know. I should have acted before, when they set the woods on fire. But... but I was afraid!

Today when I saw those guns pointed at you, I... I just couldn't let it happen!

I'm glad.

What will they do with her?

That's up to my brothers. If they're smart, maybe they'll try to rehabilitate her.

As you did me?

As I did you!

The elder struck Jill across the face with his belt.

Zinoor and Marta vanished into the staircases and tunnels of the canyon cliffs.

Three people, alone in the dark, they stood shyly apart. Minutes passed before Zinoor summoned the courage to cross that last remaining distance. He pressed her body to his. She was trembling. He felt awkward, ignorant.

Only later . . . much later, did they reluctantly return to the sunlight.

There, the beauty and eagerness of the dark was lost to ugliness . . . and violence.

My god!
It's Kado! His
throat's been
out!

I . . . I forgot! Jill . . .
she carries a knife strapped to
the inside of her calf. She must
have freed herself . . . then—!

Looks like
she was out, too.
There's a trail of
blood. It leads to
the other side of
the canyon!

She lay down in darkness, the stone cold floor against her naked back, the warmth of his body inside her own. The sounds of passion echoed hollowly, hauntingly, like the memory of the way love used to be.

Even after the trail of blood stopped—apparently Jill had made herself a tourniquet—the young lovers continued their desperate hunt. Instinctively, Zinoor knew where Jill was headed: An abandoned settlement where the men had once made their living quarters.

It was gutted during the war but we were able to adapt it to our purposes. In the cathedral basement we kept our armaments and radar.

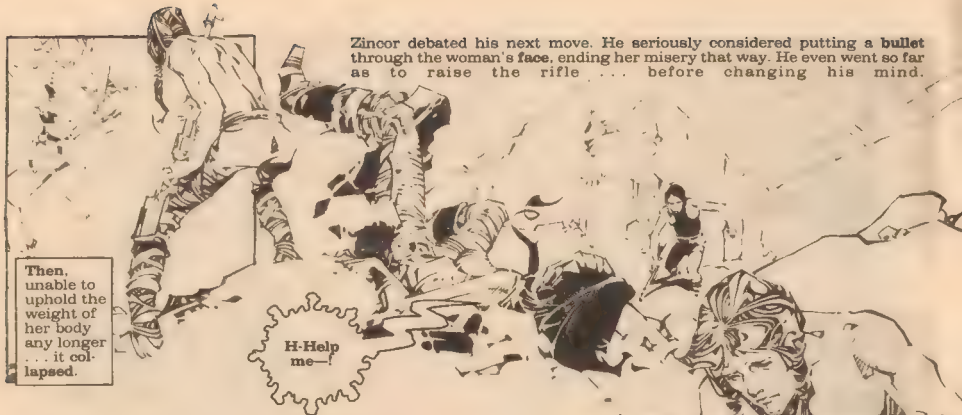
Radar?

Of course!
How else did you think we knew about the landing of your ship? We didn't just happen to be waiting in ambush, you know.

In the choir loft, Jill aimed her rifle leisurely. If she missed there would be no second chance. The floor beneath her wobbled precariously. The beams which supported it were rotting, weakened by age, the elements and the long-ago war.

I'll check the front of the cathedral. Why don't you slip around the back . . .!

Zinoor moved slowly, carefully, with long pauses between his steps. Jill, he knew, had taken the elder's rifle, and she would be waiting for her opportunity to use it. The youth gripped his own weapon tightly, alert for the slightest sound or motion.



Zincor debated his next move. He seriously considered putting a bullet through the woman's face, ending her misery that way. He even went so far as to raise the rifle ... before changing his mind.

Then, unable to uphold the weight of her body any longer ... it collapsed.

H-Help me!

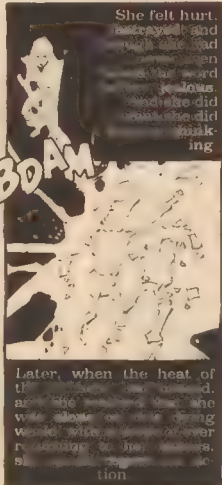
The girl was dying, that was clear. The knife wound had cost her a lot of blood. Rubble and wood splinters had torn open several other areas of her flesh. There were a few limited medical supplies in the basement, but they wouldn't do much good. Zincor knew, even if he could reach them in time.

She clung to him, not wanting to die alone.

That was in the position in which Marta found them.



The feelings and emotions which Zincor had awakened only a day before were new to her. She didn't understand them completely. Even more foreign to her was this overwhelming hatred, the nameless fear which the sight before her invoked.



She felt hurt, betrayed and ...

Later, when the heat of the ...

And when she felt the first stirrings within her belly, she went a little mad, trying to imagine how she could ever deliver a child ... alone! It wouldn't survive the birth, of course. Neither would she.



But in the meantime, she wondered, would it be male ... or female?

BACK ISSUES! BACK ISSUES!

1984/1994 BACK ISSUES

**A HOT-WIRE
JOLT TO YOUR
IMAGINATION!**



1984 #1 \$5.00



1984 #2 \$4.00



1984 #3 \$3.75



1984 #5 \$3.50



1984 #6 \$3.25



1984 #7 \$3.25



1984 #8 \$3.25



1984 #9 \$3.50



1984 #10 \$3.50



1994 #11 \$3.00



1994 #12 \$3.00



1994 #13 \$3.00



1994 #14 \$2.75



1994 #15 \$2.75



1994 #16 \$2.50



1994 #17 \$2.50



1994 #18 \$2.50



1994 #19 \$2.50



1994 #20 \$2.50



1994 #21 \$2.50



1994 #22 \$2.50

**ORDER
BACK
ISSUES
OF
1994
TODAY!**

ROOK BACK ISSUES

**EXCITING HEROES
AND HIGH ADVENTURE!**



BOOK PREVIEW \$4.00



BOOK #1 \$5.00



BOOK #2 \$4.00



BOOK #3 \$4.00



BOOK #4 \$3.50



BOOK #5 \$3.00



BOOK #6 \$2.50



BOOK #7 \$2.50



BOOK #8 \$2.50



BOOK #9 \$2.50



BOOK #10 \$2.50



BOOK #11 \$2.50

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient **RUSH ORDER FORM**.

THE NEW AGE OF ILLUSTRATED EPIC ADVENTURE IS READY FOR DELIVERY NOW!

1994

#24, ON SALE MAR.2!



EERIE: Five astounding epics!
Ode to a Dead Thing!
Spacewrecked! Haggarth!
Mercenary! Me. Liberty.

145 EAST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

CAPTAIN COMPANY P.O. Box 430, Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10016

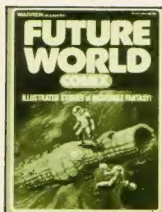
ALL MERCHANDISE SUBJECT TO PRICE CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

Sorry no C.O.D. orders

WARREN SPECIAL ISSUE MAGAZINES



CLOSE ENCOUNTERS The magazine of the movie filled with facts, photos (color & B&W), features and effects! 8 1/2"x11" 72 pages! CE—\$2.50



FUTURE WORLD COMIX A fabulous 8 1/2"x11", 72 page comic book featuring 8 spectacular tales by Corben, Torrents, Maroto and others! FW—\$2.50



STAR QUEST COMIX Corben strikes twice along with Maroto and Neary! And there is a Star Wars article with lots of photos. 8 1/2"x11" SQ—\$2.50



LORD OF THE RINGS Our exclusive magazine version of the movie masterpiece! A spectacular 49 pages, all in full color! 8 1/2"x11" LOR—\$3.00



GALACTIC WARS COMIX Wood, Williamson, Torrents and others in this 80 page 8 1/2"x11" comic with a 10 page article on Galactic! GWC—\$2.50



RING OF THE WARLORDS 6 brilliant sword & sorcery tales in an 80 page comic book format! Maroto, Mayo, Wood, DuBay and others! RWL—\$2.50



UFO AND ALIEN COMIX Here are 7 special closer encounters with aliens of every stripe! An 8 1/2"x11", 72 page, black and white comic format! UFO—\$2.50



ALIEN INVASION COMIX 6 spectacular comic stories by the very best of Warren's writers & artists plus an article on ALIEN! 72 pgs! AIC—\$2.50



MOVIE ALIENS ILLUSTRATED Seven in-depth articles on classic alien movie invasions from the pages of Famous Monsters! 72 pgs! MAI—\$2.50



METEOR, THE SPECTACULAR SF film in magazine format! See how the SFX were done, read an exclusive behind the scenes interview! MET—\$3.00



MOONRAKER Bond is back! 23 spectacular color photos, exclusive interviews with cast and crew, hundreds of photos, a collector's edition! MNR—\$2.50



ROOK Cover to cover Bermejo with outstanding writers Bill DuBay and Budd Lewis. Collect this extraordinary introductory Rook issue! RXI—\$4.00



DRACULA '79: The Collector's edition of Vampires form the movies and comics. Lugosi, Lee and Lengell! A complete photo history! D79—\$2.50



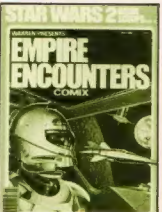
STRANGE STORIES OF VAMPIRES Blood suckers past, present, and future! With Duranona, Goodwin, Mayo, DuBay, Sanchez, Sewin, and many more! VMPR—\$2.50



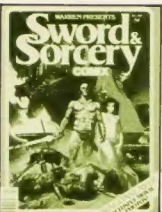
ALIEN Interviews with Giger and others! Photos and analysis of the alien! Possible sequels examined! Chest-bursting in color! AL—\$2.50



PANTHA: All Pantha, all Auraleon, all spectacular issue as the sleek huntress finds danger and romance at every turn! PTH—\$2.50



EMPIRE ENCOUNTERS: Photos and stories of "The Empire Strikes Back" plus illustrated comics by Bermejo and more! EE—\$2.50



SWORD & SORCERY COMIX Sorcerers, demons, dragons, and skull-bashing barbarians in blood and guts action and enchantment! SS—\$2.50



REX HAVOC: Non-stop action as Rex and his "Raiders of the Fantastic" search the world over for monsters to destroy! RXH—\$2.50

**ORDER
YOUR
WARREN
SPECIAL
ISSUE
MAGAZINES
TODAY!**

WARREN PRESENTS 2 GREAT ISSUES!

THE BEST FAMOUS MONSTERS SPECIAL ISSUE


WARREN PRESENTS THE OFFICIAL EXCLUSIVE

HORROR

MOVIE YEARBOOK

1981 COLLECTOR'S EDITION

- ★ FADE TO BLACK
- ★ FRIDAY THE 13th
- ★ MOTEL HELL
- ★ THE CHANGELING
- ★ THE FOG
- ★ THE HEARSE WITHOUT WARNING
- ★ THE SHINING
- ★ SILENT SCREAM
- ★ THE ALIEN PLUS MORE!



'81 HORROR MOVIE YEARBOOK Bone-chilling horror and unbearable suspense...all of it is captured in this outstanding book! ALIEN! THE SHINING! FRIDAY THE 13TH! THE FOG! MOTEL HELL! And many more surprises! **HMV/\$2.50**

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.

THE BEST FAMOUS MONSTERS SPECIAL ISSUE

WARREN PRESENTS THE OFFICIAL EXCLUSIVE


FILM FANTASY

YEARBOOK

100 PAGES OF THE MOST EXCITING MOVIES OF THE YEAR

1982

COLLECTOR'S EDITION



OF THE YEAR! SUPERMAN 2 • DRAGONSLAYER
AMERICAN WEREWOLF • OUTLAND • HOWLING
CLASH OF TITANS • FRIDAY THE 13th • WOLFEN!

'1982 FILM FANTASY YEARBOOK Relive the thrilling moments from this spectacular year in fantasy films! Stunning photos and fascinating stories! RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK! SUPERMAN II! DRAGONSLAYER! And much more!

